

VOL. X.

NO. LX.

# THE MONTH

JUNE, 1869.



## Contents.

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LOOMLAND PAPERS.—III. Spindles and Looms.

LECKY'S HISTORY OF EUROPEAN MORALS.

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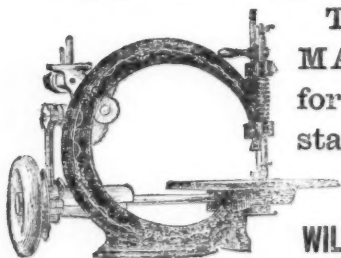
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## CONTENTS.

I. CIVILISATION AND ARTS IN ANCIENT IRELAND—Continued . . .	349
II. RELIGION IN EDUCATION AS AN INSTRUMENT OF MENTAL CULTURE . . .	360
III. REMARKS ON SOME STATEMENTS OF MARCUS KEANE, ESQ., M.R.I.A., IN HIS WORK—"The Towers and Temples of Ancient Ireland" . . .	375
IV. LITURGICAL QUESTIONS . . . . .	384
V. DOCUMENT— ENCYCLICAL LETTER OF HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS IX., 11TH APRIL, 1869, GRANTING A JUBILEE TO THE WHOLE CHURCH . . .	385
VI. MONASTICON HIBERNICUM, CO. ANTRIM—Continued . . . . .	390

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*Imprimatur,*

✠ PAULUS CARDINALIS CULLEN,

*Archiepiscopus Dubliniensis.*

DUBLINII, APRILIS 30, 1869.

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## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
ON THACKERAY'S PLACE AMONG ENGLISH WRITERS . . . . .	513
WITH THE BLUEBELLS . . . . .	530
LOOMLAND PAPERS.—III. Spindles and Looms . . . . .	532
LECKY'S HISTORY OF EUROPEAN MORALS . . . . .	548
A HEART-PSALM : June . . . . .	566
A LIFE OF TEN YEARS. Part V. . . . .	568
MR. DE VERE'S IRISH ODES . . . . .	586
LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH AND THE HOLY SEE . . . . .	593
OUR LIBRARY TABLE . . . . .	611

1. Mr. Wallace's Malay Archipelago.—2. Augustus Meves.  
—3. Father Waterworth's Church of St. Patrick.—  
4. Canon Shortland's Corean Martyrs.—5. Mr. Pye's  
Why do we Believe?—6. Dr. M'Sherry's Essays.

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Anne Séverin. By the Author of *Le Récit d'une Sœur*. Chapters XLVI., XLVII., XLVIII., XLIX. (*and last*).

The First Red-breast : A Legend of Good Friday.

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## On Thackeray's place among English Writers.

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WHEN the works upon which a name is built have been collected, duly edited, and supplemented, it may be, by an accurate and critical life, when the world has formed its judgment thereon, and time has confirmed that estimate, there is no great difficulty in placing before the mind's eye a portrait of the intellectual man sufficiently clear and well defined. But when these, and such like helps, are wanting; while the world is yet arguing what a writer's place is to be on our modern Parnassus; while some would lead him crowned to the highest summits, and others would admit him but to the lower slopes; while the man and his works are yet so close upon us that we can hardly master the details, and certainly want distance to regard the whole from a fitting point of view—the critic's task is less easy. Still, I am about to attempt something like an estimate of William Makepeace Thackeray; but as his position must still be left for posterity alone to determine, it will be enough for me to examine some of the grounds upon which I believe his claim to renown rests, and to vindicate him from certain literary charges which, if well founded, would go far to make void that claim.

My object, then, in the following pages, will be to consider the value of these charges in themselves, and how far our author is amenable to them, and thus I shall have to deal with what are considered his faults rather than with his merits—it may be, to show that these so-called faults are in truth merits, or at any rate that they will admit of a far more favourable interpretation than some of his critics have been inclined to concede to them. It would, of course, be an easier task to launch out into a panegyric of his acknowledged merits, and to dwell in glowing terms upon his obvious beauties; but, I believe, the course I have marked out will be more useful in a literary point of view.

It has been objected to Thackeray that he does not keep himself sufficiently in the background, but, like a fidgetty manager of a theatre, rushes forward on all and no occasions to the foot-lights with a speech to the audience, thus destroying the illusion of the

scene and marring the effect of the story. I acknowledge the fact. Indeed, Thackeray himself, early in *Vanity Fair*, claims this privilege—

And, as we bring our characters forward, I will ask leave, as a man and a brother, not only to introduce them, but occasionally to step down from the platform and talk about them : if they are good and kindly, to love them and shake them by the hand ; if they are silly, to laugh at them confidentially in the reader's sleeve ; if they are wicked and heartless, to abuse them in the strongest terms which politeness admits of.

Otherwise you might fancy it was *I* who was sneering at the practice of devotion, which Miss Sharp finds so ridiculous ; that it was *I* who laughed good-humouredly at the reeling old Silenus of a baronet—whereas the laughter comes from one who has no reverence except for prosperity, and no eye for anything but success. Such people there are living, and flourishing in the world—faithless, hopeless, charityless : let us have at them, dear friends, with might and main. Some there are, and very successful too, mere quacks and fools ; and it was to combat and expose such as those, no doubt, that Laughter was made.

Thackeray will often speak in his own person and interrupt the story to moralise with the reader. I might plead in excuse the example of the Greek chorus, but I prefer giving not only, as I have done, the reason which he himself laughingly urges, but another which, I believe, was far more likely to influence such a mind as Thackeray's—and this is, the earnestness with which he wrote, and the high purpose which he ever set before him. He was a novel writer, but he was something more—he was in a high sense a moralist. He wrote to please ; but he had a higher aim, he wrote to instruct. The novel was the instrument by which he wrought ; it was a wand of power with which he raised the creations of his genius, the beings of his mind ; but his work did not cease, it only began, in those creations, for through them he worked his higher purpose and made them subservient to a nobler end. It might have been more artistically correct to speak only through them ; but regarding them but as puppets to be moved at his own pleasure, and with his heart full of the higher mission he recognised as his own, can we wonder if at times he seemed to throw aside the skilful workings of his own hands, and, in the full tide of deeper feelings, speak directly out of his own large heart to those whose amusement was at best but a means to an end ? Indeed, I am not sure but that some of these sudden apostrophes were of design, as others were of irresistible impulse, as though the moralist would at times bring before the reader's mind the higher object of his work, and thus elevate what might have been begun as an amusement into a nobler occupation.

This habit grew upon Thackeray as his office of teacher became more generally recognised; his later works abound with such passages, and now perhaps it is that they are best appreciated. He seemed to feel, as years went on, that he must speak more earnestly, and so the familiar address "brother" became of more frequent occurrence; and now, who that loves him, that is, who that knows and appreciates him, does not prize those personal admonitions as words of wisdom and truth? He was in some sense a lay preacher—doubtless a dangerous vocation unless a real one, but then perhaps it is very high. It is dangerous, because it may so easily degenerate into a mere string of phrases, which perhaps is of all shams the worst. But in one so real as Thackeray it could never become a sham, and when used as he used it, it is a power which sometimes works where more canonical preaching somehow fails. We are, it must be confessed, perverse beings; we seem best fitted to receive instruction out of time and place, and often find ourselves in better dispositions over the pages of a novel than under the teachings of a more regular preacher. We listen to Thackeray when he is in this mood. Why? Because we believe him to be in earnest; because we know him to be real: did we doubt this, we should turn away impatiently, if not in contempt and disgust, from one who assumes so high and sacred an office.

Another objection which is brought against Thackeray's novels is, that they are deficient in plot. There is scarcely in one of them—I think I may say there is not in any one of them—a temptation to peep into the last few pages of vol. iii. to see how the story ends. Nay, so far from depending upon the interest which may, legitimately enough, be thus excited, he frequently goes out of his way to tell us parenthetically what that end will be. Is his hero in difficulties? he takes pains to assure us that they are but of a passing nature; does the course of his true love not run smooth? he fails not to inform us that he has long since been married, and is now smiling over woes which once he believed severe. In short, he deliberately, and surely with a purpose, lays aside an instrument which with many popular writers is the chief means of success, resolving to trust altogether to something else, in which he feels his strength to lie, and which might only be marred by an involved and exciting plot. Now this, I think, could only be done by a great writer, who, as such, is thoroughly conscious of his own power, and self-reliant enough to depend upon it.

Nor need we go far, I think, to discover the purpose with



which Thackeray deliberately laid aside this very legitimate instrument. I suppose that all will allow that Thackeray's greatest power lay in the delineation of character. Sometimes a few lines will suffice for a complete portrait, just as his great colleague and illustrator Richard Doyle will dash off a figure with a few scratches of his wondrous pencil; and these we have with marvellous individuality in the host of personages who fill that amusing picture-gallery the *Book of Snobs*. But what our author seems especially to delight in is the gradual development of character, which grows up so naturally from chapter to chapter; here one feature showing itself under the force of circumstances, and there another coming out prominently, until in the end we so thoroughly know every person in the story that we seem to be able to forecast, not only what they will do and say, but how they will do and say it. We know them in the truest sense of the word; not so much because our author has spoken about them, as because he has left them to speak for themselves; not so much because he has told us what kind of persons he intends them to be, as because he has shown them to us really such. The characters grow up under our eyes; many from childhood to maturity, others, whom we first meet in middle age, live out their allotted space and die in due time, while some pass quite through the whole of life ere we lose sight of them, like Beatrix Esmond, who enters upon the scene a child of four years and dies in almost second childhood the Baroness Bernstein.

This elaborate delineation of character seems to have grown in our author, if not with his power, at least with the high polish and refinement which characterised its progress. In his earlier writings, when the pages of *Punch* were enriched with his sketches, we have, as circumstances almost necessitated, figures as varied and as crowded as in an instantaneous photograph of a London street; the vigour of his hand wrought in a paragraph what his artist eye had caught in a single glance. Pictures so life-like were appreciated at their high value and recognised for their truth. But, when our author had thus gained his public, and could follow at leisure the instincts of his higher nature, we find him elaborating, on a wider canvas, and with a minuteness which only love could dictate, those characters which have taken their place in our heart of hearts, or if not all admitted to that inner temple, at least into those haunts of memory where we store up what genius has wrought for us, and what we have by its magic power been enabled to make our own. I think I am not saying too much when I call such writings a labour of love,



for what other word will serve to characterise that affectionate lingering over the personages he has set before us, that working out with untiring zeal every trait which will make the image more distinct to the mental eye, that leading on from scene to scene which brings out by new combinations of circumstances the features which individualise; and which, when the story comes to an end, will not even then allow them to pass from our view, but which, when the required volumes are filled and closed, opens the tale again in another novel, and brings back once more the old familiar faces to charm again, and now in a double manner, in that they are old friends with new claims upon our friendship? And this indeed, which is a special peculiarity of Thackeray, is a sure token of that love of his subject, which I claim as one of his inspiring principles. He has grown to love the creations of his own intellect, these children of his brain become endeared to him as children of his heart, and with the affection of a father he clings to them and dwells upon their individual characters with a partiality which never tires; and so, as I have said, they reappear, it may be but in a passing word, when fresh characters and circumstances bring us amid old haunts, and we catch just a glimpse of those he has taught us to connect with the scene, and whose very presence gives an additional truthfulness to the new incidents amid which we find ourselves; or they reappear to play, as of old, leading parts in the new novel, but under fresh circumstances. We have many instances of this, which no doubt suggest themselves to most minds. The one to which I have already alluded is a case in point, wherein Beatrix, the heroine, or at least one of the heroines, of *Esmond*, reappears in old age as the Baroness Bernstein in the *Virginians*. Again, in Thackeray's last completed work, the *Adventures of Philip*, we have a whole novel built up upon a foundation raised in early years; indeed, to understand *Philip* thoroughly, and enjoy it completely, we have need to read as its introduction what our author quaintly calls *A Shabby Genteel Story*, one of his earliest lengthened sketches.

Once more. Arthur Pendennis is not only the hero of the story which bears his name, but he is made the author of the *Newcomes*, and as such plays his part in the drama itself, and figures, as the author in Thackeray's works must ever do, in those "memoirs of a most respectable family;" and, not content with this, Arthur Pendennis once more crops up and plays as chronicler a still more important part in the *Adventures of Philip*—thus tying up the series into a kind of classic trilogy, and

leaving the reader under a confirmed conviction that he has not merely made some very amusing and interesting acquaintances, but that he counts them among his most intimate friends, of whom indeed he knows far more than of any of the so-called real people about him, and with whom he has absolutely lived whole years—not to say whole lives—in the closest and most confidential manner. And so I think it will not be too much to say that our author threw his whole heart into his work, bestowing upon it a care and finishing it with a polish that nothing but enthusiastic love could inspire or sustain.

Now, surely when an author finds out—it may be after several attempts in other directions, wherein the success which attends him is enough for ordinary ambition, but not enough for one who is conscious of great powers within him—when, I say, such an author finds out the one line in which he will best excel, when he hits upon the vein of precious metal which he can most successfully work, surely he is not only justified, but is morally bound to pursue it, though it may lead him from the ordinary track which others had marked out, and carry him beyond the limits and away from the contrivances which are ordinarily used. Such contrivances include what is called the plot in a novel, and this, I contend, would have been a hindrance to our author, a trammel which would have chained down his powers and eaten out his heart; but his vigorous will set him free—it was the Hercules which delivered our Prometheus from the critic's Caucasus. Surely he did well in casting aside what after all is not an essential to a novel, when by retaining it he would render well-nigh impossible the end and aim of his labour.

For I venture to think that we are generally disposed to lay too much stress upon the importance of the story or plot in literature of this kind. Of course some kind of plot is necessary, and Thackeray is never wanting in a sufficient plot; sufficient, I mean, for his purpose, though certainly not sufficient for the requirements of those who dote upon a mystery and pass sleepless nights while the doughty knight and the beauteous damsel are struggling through the superhuman difficulties which for a time—for three volumes—keep them apart, or, in more popular form, while the detective is on the track of the high-minded housebreaker, or searching for the customary poison in the boudoir of the fascinating murderess. For what is a plot but the scaffolding by help of which the literary edifice is constructed? It serves at best but to enable the author to put each portion of his work in its right place; its use is to afford

him a ready access to every part, that he may group its members as his eye suggests, and place each ornament where it will tell to best advantage; it is the machinery which raises and lowers the scenes in his drama, the stage upon which his human characters play their part: but can we rest content with a drama of carpenter's work, or think more of these subsidiaries than of the human passions which the author depicts, or of the beings whom those passions sway?

Doubtless, there is a skill in the construction of these lesser things. None can question the value of good scenery in the one case, or of a firm scaffolding in the other; but may not the former by its excess or over-elaboration mar the effect of the play itself—as in modern instances has been more than once observed? while the latter, the scaffolding, surely should be so secondary that it may be cast aside, that the building, which it surrounds and conceals, may be laid open in all its beauty. What should we think of the builder who should expend the time and means which the edifice itself requires upon the scaffolding, and who should point to its elaborate intertwining of poles and planks when we ask for the building we have ordered? Should we not justly complain that the skill and experience we had bargained for had been misapplied, and that the means had been mistaken for the end?

I must frankly confess that I regard much in the same light many of our modern sensational novels and plays, wherein there seems more of the carpenter than of the man of letters; we may be amused and interested for the time—there is too much talent employed for it to be otherwise—but I own I come from the scene, or lay down the volume, wearied and disheartened: wearied at mere mechanical skill so misapplied, and disheartened at the wanton waste of intellectual power, when there is so much noble work at hand neglected and undone. The fashion of the day—I had almost said the passion of the day—seems to be to sacrifice all to sensational effect, or to the elaboration of a complicated plot. In both cases the individual characters suffer, in that they play but a secondary part; they are but as puppets in the hands of the vigorous manipulator, and so are jerked hither and thither at his will, without much consideration as to the consistency and grace of their actions. Enough if a sensation can be produced, or an elaborate knot untied. And thus it is that even in the cleverest novels of either of those popular classes so little of real character is to be found.

And what is the consequence of this kind of writing? As

soon as the story is read, as soon as the plot is unravelled, we throw the book aside, and never think of returning to it again, unless it be to settle some disputed point of detail, or to try and bring back to our minds some vague image of the shadows which have flitted before us. In truth, in most cases such return is but waste of time; for the puppets, on closer inspection, are found to be but poor stuffed dolls of rag and sawdust, which the misused power of a clever hand jerked into a semblance of life, that passed muster in the artificial light which his practised skill cast around them. With how much truth may be said of this what Thackeray said of a far different performance, "Come, children, let us shut up the box and the puppets, for our play is played out."

How unlike to these are our feelings when we have finished a novel of Thackeray's—at least, if I may judge of my own experience, pretty often renewed, and ever with the same result. The work is closed simply because the author thought fit to bring it to an end; indeed, we know that he often returned to it again, and carried it on with undiminished interest. And why is this? Because there is but little plot to bring to an end, and because the interest does not depend upon the plot, but upon the people depicted. The characters which are therein drawn engage all our attention; the circumstances that bring them together are but of secondary interest. They do not seem created for those circumstances, and therefore our interest in them does not pass away with time and place. We think of them as of persons we have met in our journey of life, and so we look, it may be, to see them again. We leave them, and thus lose sight of them, not because their course is over, but because our paths have separated; and so, when we close the book, we think of them as still existing, we speculate upon what they are now doing, and, because we knew them so intimately, because we loved them, or, at any rate, because they amused us, we hope to meet them again.

Have we not been the gainers by such a course as this? If we have lost the passing excitement of a strong or elaborate plot, have we not been more than compensated by well-developed and exquisitely-drawn characters? And who shall venture to prefer the pulleys and cords, the tin thunder and the resin lightning of the machinist, or the Chinese puzzle of the ingenious plot-contriver, to the men and women of flesh and blood, of warm hearts and honest purposes, with whom the pen of Thackeray has made us familiar?

But here, when I have just disposed of one objection, I am met by another. I have just now spoken of men and women with warm hearts and honest purposes; whereas it is well known that several of Thackeray's leading characters are of a very different order. I suppose this old and favourite objection will not be so frequently urged in the present day, as it was some twenty years ago; for sensational novels and dramas have made heroes and heroines out of such queer materials, that the iniquities of Becky Sharp pale before the scarlet sins of her later rivals. However, there is substance enough left in the objection to render it worthy of some better reply than the *tu quoque* retort. What does this charge against our author amount to? Is it not this, that in his first (and in some respects his best, and certainly his most popular) novel, he has made his chief character, his heroine (it is a "novel without a hero") a person of very dubious reputation. I cannot say one word in favour of Miss Rebecca Sharp—neither does Thackeray, and herein lies the force of my vindication.

Let us consider the general question before we deal with the particular case. The novelist, still more than the dramatist, must deal with all characters. Shakespeare himself has told us what is his special work: "To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure." He is to depict the world, as he finds it—"nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice"—and undoubtedly there are but too many bad characters in it. His moral tone is shown in the way in which he treats these. He cannot altogether avoid them, if he would show "the very age and body of the time his form and pressure;" but there is all the difference in the spirit in which he executes this difficult and delicate task. This is a crucial test to apply to an author. Try it with Thackeray, and I maintain he will come out triumphant. Examine *Vanity Fair* from this point of view, and let Becky Sharp be called into court. As counsel for the defendant (the author, not the heroine), I maintain that no attempt has been made on his part to white-wash a dingy character, or to throw any halo of respectability over a disreputable personage. The author has told every one who has made inquiries in his book, that he has no particle of respect for the said personage, and he has painted her character in very unmistakable colours. If she has been described as clever, it was but to explain the partial success of her worldly schemes; if she has been represented as amusing, it was only because she

could not have worked her way in life as she did had she been otherwise. But no one passage can be pointed out, in the whole chronicle of her eventful life, in which she is held up to respect, or any virtues assigned to her by the defendant. Will not all moral persons give us a verdict?

In truth, we have more reason to dread an action for libel on the part of Rebecca, Lady Crawley, than a verdict for conspiracy with her to defraud the public out of its sympathy and right principles. But, seriously speaking, from first to last there seems not to be one redeeming feature in her character. And this, which at first sight appears so inartistic, so unnatural, is, I believe, not only a stroke of high art, but something far higher—the instinct of a pure and lofty mind. Let us dwell a moment on this. There is something so fascinating in great power, even when misused, that we need all the safeguards which can be given to shield us from its evil influences. The intellectual superiority of this designing woman over those with whom she comes in contact, her triumphs over social and moral difficulties by resolute will and untiring energy, are in themselves quite enough to make her a heroine, and so to blind us, for a time at least, to her moral delinquencies; and when, moreover, we remark the low tone of many with whom she contends, we are in some danger of lowering proportionately our moral estimate, and of thinking that perhaps, after all, she is not so *very* bad. Herein, I imagine, lies the reader's danger when studying a character of this class; and from this but few writers would care to guard him. But Thackeray, like a true artist, rises with the difficulty, and, by a few skilful touches, shows us how utterly bad is the heart of the woman, and how stern our judgment ought to be in condemnation. For example: poor Rawdon Crawley, the heavy dragoon, her husband, has but few redeeming traits; but one at least he has, in which his wife is wholly wanting—his love for his child. The affection she neither seeks nor reciprocates centres in his boy; and some of the tenderest and truest passages in *Vanity Fair* paint this most touchingly. But the mother has no such love. What would we not pardon in Becky, did she but love her child! What more simple than to give her this common attribute; but what more artistic, what more heroically true, than for the author to deny it to her? No, she could not have this virtue—so natural a virtue that we often regard it but as an instinct—she could not have it without possessing others, which come ever in its train; and these would have changed altogether her character, she would not have been what the author designed her to be; the

lesson which the great moralist wished to draw would have faded away. And why? Surely because the heartless career must have its source in a want of natural affection, and the bitter waters must flow on, unsweetened thereby, to their appointed end. Surely such a character, thus portrayed, claims for itself a high place in the noblest ranks of novel literature.

I think justice is hardly done to Thackeray when Amelia is quoted by way of contrast to Rebecca; when it is implied that the one is intended as a foil to the other. No one would have thus placed them side by side, but for the circumstance of their appearing in the same novel. Indeed, I imagine such a contrast as is here implied would have been unworthy of Thackeray as an artist. Anyhow, Amelia is not a model character, but merely a weak and irresolute woman, who clings, with an affection that rises but little above obstinacy, to the memory of an unworthy and faithless husband, and who, in the very selfishness of her cherished sorrow, overlooks the devoted love of one who is at last but poorly rewarded with her hand.

No, if we would seek for Thackeray's ideal of female character, wherein a pure, unselfish life is elevated still higher by the genial influence of religion, we must look elsewhere. We may instance the hero's mother in *Pendennis*, Lady Castlewood in *Esmond*, and Léonore de Florac in the *Newcomes*. We must, I say, seek for it, for so delicately is it drawn, so unobtrusive are its traits, that, like the character itself in real life, it is recognised as a gracious presence, an influence which is felt rather than seen. This is a class of character altogether after Thackeray's own heart, and upon it he has bestowed his tenderest care. Could I say more in praise of an author than thus to record that upon a mother's love he has lavished his holiest thoughts, that upon the delineation of that least worldly of affections he has poured out the warmest utterances of his manly and pure heart?

Of course in novels which aim at representing society as it really is, we must look to meet with characters that stand in utmost need of all the purifying influence of a manly and cleanly pen; for they bring with them perfumes which are not certainly of the violet. But while there is charity and kindly warning for them, there is no sympathy with them. When Thackeray touches upon vice, it is with clean hands and fewest words. Such characters he brings to the pure light, and exposes their vileness there; we are never carried down, as by a congenial spirit, into their depths, or taught to feel ourselves at home in so unwholesome and tainted an atmosphere.



But there is another class of female characters somewhat intermediate between the two, who are not altogether bad, and yet are certainly very far from good: worldly, self-willed women, who have been placed by rank or wealth in positions of influence and authority, and who, while they sway with iron rule their dependents, have sense enough to despise their flatterers, and frankness enough to show that contempt. Thackeray has drawn several varieties of this species with great vigour and no small discrimination. One such is the old Dowager Viscountess Castlewood in *Esmond*; Miss Crawley is another, whom Becky Sharp hits off in a few lines thus—

"Miss Crawley has arrived with her fat horses, fat servants, fat spaniel—the great rich Miss Crawley, with seventy thousand pounds in the five per cents., whom, or I had better say *which*, her two brothers adore. She looks very apoplectic, the dear soul; no wonder her brothers are anxious about her. You should see them struggling to settle her cushions, or to hand her coffee! 'When I come into the country,' she says (for she has a great deal of humour), 'I leave my toady, Miss Briggs, at home. My brothers are my toadies here, my dear, and a pretty pair they are!'"

Lady Kew, in the *Newcomes*, is a capital specimen of the class; their isolation in the midst of a crowd is marked out with terrible force, and the contrast between such worldly minds and those similarly circumstanced, but which are influenced by the Catholic faith, is finely discriminated. I will venture to quote a few paragraphs, which thus bring together two very opposite characters—

Between two such women as Madame de Florac and Lady Kew, of course there could be little liking and sympathy. Religion, love, duty, the family, were the French lady's constant occupation—duty and the family, perhaps, Lady Kew's aim too—only the notions of duty were different in either person. Lady Kew's idea of duty to her relatives being to push them on in the world; Madame de Florac's to soothe, to pray, to attend them with constant watchfulness, to strive to mend them with pious counsel. I don't know that one lady was happier than the other. Madame de Florac's eldest son was a kindly prodigal; her second had given his whole heart to the Church; her daughter had centred hers on her own children, and was jealous if their grandmother laid a finger upon them. So Léonore de Florac was quite alone. It seemed as if Heaven had turned away all her children's hearts from her. Her daily business in life was to nurse a selfish old man, into whose service she had been forced in early youth, by a paternal decree which she never questioned; giving him obedience, striving to give him respect,—everything but her heart, which had gone out of her keeping. Many a good woman's life is no more cheerful; a spring of beauty, a little warmth and sunshine of love, a bitter disappointment, followed by pangs and frantic tears, then a long monotonous story of submission. "Not here, my daughter, is to be your happiness," says the Priest; "whom Heaven loves it afflicts." And he points out to her the agonies of suffering Saints of her own



sex, assures her of their present beatitudes and glories, exhorts her to bear her pains with a faith like theirs, and is empowered to promise her a like reward.

The other matron is not less alone. Her husband and son are dead, without a tear for either—to weep is not in Lady Kew's nature. Her grandson, whom she had loved, perhaps, more than any human being, is rebellious and estranged from her; her children separated from her, save one whose sickness and bodily infirmity the mother resents as disgraces to herself. Her darling schemes fail somehow. She moves from town to town, and ball to ball, and hall to castle, for ever uneasy, and always alone. She sees people scared at her coming; is received by sufferance and fear rather than by welcome; likes, perhaps, the terror which she inspires, and to enter over the breach rather than through the hospitable gate. She will try and command wherever she goes, and trample over dependents and society, with a grim consciousness that it dislikes her, a rage at its cowardice, and an unbending will to domineer. To be old, proud, lonely, and not have a friend in the world—that is her lot in it. As the French lady may be said to resemble the bird which the fables say feeds her young with her blood, this one, if she has a little natural liking for her brood, goes hunting hither and thither, and robs meat for them. And so, I suppose, to make the simile good, we must compare the Marquis of Farintosh to a lamb for the nonce, and Miss Ethel Newcome to a young eaglet. Is it not a rare provision of nature (or fiction of poets, who have their own natural history), that the strong-winged bird can soar to the sun and gaze at it, and then come down from heaven and pounce on a piece of carrion?

Thackeray had advantages of position which he turned to good account, and these give a reality to his characters which no amount of reading could supply. In affluent circumstances, he studied men and manners in University life at Cambridge, he lived among artists in Rome (not as a patron, but as a brother painter), and when he returned to London it was to fill his natural position, and move of right in good society. His artist life had trained alike his eye and hand, and thus he came with pen and pencil to study and portray mankind, and give us those works which have ever been best esteemed by those who could best judge of their accuracy. With all educated persons Thackeray has been well received, but he has always found his most enthusiastic admirers among University men and artists. In him they hailed a brother of whom both classes were, and still are, naturally proud; and he has well repaid their love by doing justice where justice is too often denied.

We have dwelt upon his female characters; let me say a word or two about Thackeray's men. His best, purest, and noblest men are all soldiers. This is a noble testimony to a profession which is often defamed, and coming from a civilian, the son of a civilian, is unimpeachable. I know not if I am right, but I cannot help imagining that our author must have had some real

personage in his eye, whose high principles, pure life, and unworldly spirit shed their lustre on his pen when his mind conceived such characters as Henry Esmond, Colonel Newcome, and Major Dobbin—so alike and yet so different. I know nothing in literature more healthy than the study of such characters as these, nothing more invigorating, nothing more elevating. It comes like the freshness of a mountain breeze to the man who has been long tied to his desk or his studio; it sends the blood with new vigour through the whole man; it gives life and energy to the exhausted frame; the eye brightens with the light of other days, and the foot treads with a recovered elasticity. "I like reading Thackeray"—how often have I heard the exclamation—"I like reading Thackeray, *it does one good!*" Can more be said in fewer words?

Of course all his men are not of this class. We would not have a novel filled with Colonel Newcomes. There are men worldly enough; military men, too, who model themselves on another ideal. There is our old friend Major Pendennis. Nothing more correct according to his estimate, nothing more respectable, as he judges—"A man of the world, sir."

If there was any question about etiquette, society, who was married to whom, of what age such and such a duke was, Pendennis was the man to whom every one appealed. Marchionesses used to drive up to the club and leave notes for him, or fetch him out. He was perfectly affable. The young men liked to walk with him in the Park, or down Pall Mall; for he touched his hat to everybody, and every other man he met was a lord.

There are doubtful military men, too, who shed no moral lustre upon the profession they assume. But it will not do to particularise even classes, much less individuals; for society, in its widest and most general sense, contributes all its elements to complete the pictures of life which Thackeray has photographed for our amusement and instruction.

It would be interesting as well as instructive, had we space at our disposal, to trace the influence of Thackeray's own life upon his writings; interesting, I say, to show how each of its various phases opened up a new class of characters to his view; and instructive, to mark how his quick eye and ready hand caught each as it passed, and treasured it up for future use in due time and place. I will but venture to indicate what I mean. The son of an ancient house, his father occupied a position in the civil service in India, where Thackeray was born. It is true he left the East as a child, and never returned to it again; but the con-

nection sufficed to throw him into the society in London of that large, wealthy, and peculiar class of the retired Indian officers, civil and military; and how he turned this to account, such characters as Colonel Newcome, Jos Sidley (the elephantine collector of Boggley Wollah), Uncle Binnie, Mrs. Mackenzie and Rosey, will suffice to show. On his voyage to Europe he landed at St. Helena, and saw Napoleon. How this impressed itself on his young mind he more than once tells us, and Waterloo, in *Vanity Fair*, is his tribute to that name of power. Again, he was a boy at the Charterhouse; and who does not recal some of his many affectionate reminiscences of that old school, Grey Friars school, as he calls it, wherein he places Clive Newcome and Philip Firmin, and whither, also, among the Poor Brothers of Grey Friars, he brings the old colonel to die. His experiences at Cambridge furnish him with Pendennis' career at Oxbridge (that ingenious combination into a new name of the great English Universities), and develope such characters as Foker and Horace Bloundell. His travels in France, Germany, and Italy—do they not live again in Madame Smolensk, in Paul de Florac and his mother, in Madame la Duchesse d'Ivry, in the Court life at Pumpernickel, in the doings of Baden-Baden, "the prettiest booth in all Vanity Fair," and in Clive's letters from Rome? And then again, the artist life—which trained his hand for the illustrations of his own works, until sickness compelled him to intrust this care to his friend Richard Doyle—did it not give us some of the freshest scenes in Clive Newcome's professional career, and introduce us, among others, to that delicate sketch, which none but a true artist could conceive or execute, young Ridley, and to that special region of Bohemia which lies around Gandish's?

Another phase of Thackeray's career brings us into literary life in chambers, where Pendennis "pursues his law studies" with George Warrington; *how* he does so his own illustration best shows. This opens up another picture of Bohemian life, and makes us acquainted with the rival publishers, Bungay and Bacon, with Mugford, with Charley Shandon, Jack Finucane, Fred Bayham, and a whole host of worthies of the fourth estate—the Press. But beyond these peculiar coteries, Club life brought before Thackeray a wider range of character, and introduced the now popular author into the highest range of society. The literary lion roams in the most exclusive circles, and roars as a lecturer before the most distinguished audiences. Perhaps such gatherings of high and intellectual rank, such crowds of the most distin-

guished in every walk of life, were never assembled before or since as graced his *Lectures on the Humourists* in the world's holiday of 1851; and, if he can be said to have had one failure in life, it was certainly attended with circumstances which glorify it into a sort of triumph: for when he fails in gaining a seat in Parliament for the city of Oxford in 1857, he is beaten only by a very few votes by so distinguished a statesman as Mr. Cardwell. I owe an apology to those among my readers (I trust they are very few in number) to whom the names I have thus mentioned are but names; they will, I hope, bear with me in thus speaking of personages who to me, and, doubtless, to many among us, are as real as—if not more real than—the people we meet daily in life. It will serve at least to show over how wide a range Thackeray's experience extended, and how many and various were the characters he portrayed.

And if it should be said, as indeed it often has been, that his sketchings should rather be called *etchings*, that his eye was jaundiced, and that the flavour of his sparkling wine is bitter, I would reply: could writings of such a character come from recollections of the tenderest and noblest kind? Could a career so successful as Thackeray's sour his disposition? Could the affectionate regard in which he was held while living, and which clings so lovingly to his memory now that he has been so prematurely snatched away; could this sure token of a kind and generous nature exist had he been the stern, hard satirist that some imagine? Hard, cold, and unfeeling indeed must that heart be which could pay back high appreciation and wide popularity with cynical scorn and deliberate misrepresentation. It is scarcely in human nature to imagine so hideous a monster, and yet such must we conclude our author to have been if we are to receive *this* estimate of his spirit as the true one. Let us be more just in our judgment. That Thackeray dealt sternly with vice; that he had no sympathy with pretence or meanness in any form or shape; that he lashed the one and laughed at and exposed the other, is true enough. That he was in earnest in his writings, and therefore forcible in his utterances, I allow; had he been less so he might have pleased more, but would he have achieved so much? But surely it was a blunder in ethics, as well as in criticism, to confound vigour of language with bitterness of spirit; and to conclude that, because he censured meanness, he was actuated by ungenerous feelings towards his fellow-men. I suppose the especial work that is pointed out, when this charge is brought against Thackeray, is his *Book of Snobs*. It may be

said that this is one of his earlier writings, and is not the production of his more practised pen; but I waive this excuse, and prefer facing the charge and vindicating our author. Although it appeared in *Punch*, it is not intended as a mere joke. Perhaps some of the most earnest writing of that time appeared first in that comic periodical. Thackeray felt (as who has not felt?) that society, in all its various grades, is pervaded by an evil influence, which destroys much that is good and true, and fosters only what is vile and false. He resolved to attack it; and like a brave young knight he put his lance in rest against this giant. But times are changed since St. George went forth against the dragon, and the giant-queller of our day seizes his pen instead of spear, and wages war in the columns of a newspaper instead of in the lists of the tournament. His knowledge of the world had thus early taught him that the moralist of the nineteenth century must be the laughing and not the weeping philosopher, and that if there is one weapon more effective than another it is raillery. The world is strong enough against all other arms, but once raise a laugh against it and it flies in dismay. Paint it as wicked and cruel, and it will scorn you; prove it to be mercenary, and it will despise you; but show it to be ridiculous, and you have it in terror at your feet. This Thackeray knew, and this one instrument he selected from the many at his command. His double task was (1.) to show that snobbery permeated every layer of society, and (2.) to make it and its votaries ridiculous in the eyes of the world. And so he enters upon his herculean task, and sweeps the Augean stable.

First he defines a Snob: "He who does mean things is a snob, and so is he who meanly admires mean things." Next, he studies snobs like other objects of natural history. He distinguishes between relative and positive snobs. "I mean by positive," he says, "such persons as are snobs everywhere, in all companies, from morning till night, from youth to the grave, being by nature endowed with snobbishness, and others who are snobs only in certain circumstances and relations of life." And so he begins his classification with a royal snob, "Gorgius the Fourth," and depicts every class of snob, from that "great and lamented" monarch downwards or upwards, as you may be pleased to consider. Was not the task thus assumed a noble and generous one, and was it not, moreover, a great success? Depend upon it, the *Book of Snobs* was not written in vain; it has done a work. "The word snob has taken a place in our honest English vocabulary," our author says in the concluding paper of the series. "We

can't define it, perhaps ; we can't say what it is, any more than we can define wit, or humour, or humbug, but we *know* what it is. We cannot alter the nature of men and snobs by any force of satire, as by laying ever so many stripes on a donkey's back you can't turn him into a zebra. But we can apply the snob test to our neighbour, and try whether he is conceited and a quack, whether pompous and lacking humility, whether uncharitable and proud in his narrow soul. How does he comport himself in the presence of His Grace the Duke, and how in that of Smith the tradesman ?" Take his summary, and see if it be not true and void of bitterness :

A Court system that sends men of genius to the second table I hold to be a Snobbish system. A Society that sets up to be polite, and ignores Arts and Letters, I hold to be a Snobbish Society. You, who despise your neighbour, are a Snob ; you, who forget your own friends, meanly to follow after those of a higher degree, are a Snob ; you, who are ashamed of your poverty, and blush at your calling, are a Snob ; as are you who boast of your pedigree and are proud of your wealth.

To laugh at such, I will say in conclusion, applying to our author his own principles, and claiming for him the realising of them, to laugh at such was his business. But he was careful to laugh honestly, to hit no foul blow, and tell the truth when at his very broadest grin, never forgetting what I believe to have been his own leading principle throughout life, "that if FUN IS GOOD, TRUTH IS STILL BETTER, AND LOVE BEST OF ALL."

H. B.

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### *With the Bluebells.*

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'Twas springtide, and the fragrance of the larch  
 Swept through the air like incense ; by the ways  
 Hung downy beech-leaves, soft and golden-green,  
 And hawthorn-buds, just bursting, lay like snow  
 On all the vivid leafage of that May.  
 Flitting through copse, and dell, and tangled brake,  
 The cuckoo's voice came chanting ; as one weaves  
 A pattern on the web, so, shuttle-wise,  
 He traced his weft of music on the air ;  
 While down in yonder hawthorn-grove rich waves  
 Poured up—rich waves of hurrying, bursting song,  
 Where nightingales acclaim'd the birth of May.  
 Yet though all earth and air were glad, my heart

Refused to share their joy ; a leaden weight  
Of sordid cares had crushed its inmost spring  
And brought it to a stand. At once I cried :  
" I will go forth and see the bluebells—learn  
Of their 'sweet lives' content, and bow my head  
To past and future cares. Then up, faint heart !"  
Along the lanes, with strawberry blossom gemmed,  
With myriad eyes of speedwell and white stars,  
I took my way, to where the hill-side copse,  
Just freshly cut in part, and part left rank,  
Lay now in flood of sunlight, now in shade.  
But oh ! that flood of sunlight !—There a sheet  
Of smalted sapphire lay along the slopes,  
Most like some lake of bloom ; the soft wind stirred  
The troop of bells, and swayed them to and fro,  
And shook sweet music from them ; then a wave  
Of purple shade flowed through them, and they stayed ;  
Above, the gold of fresh-unfolded oak  
Shed glory on the rose-streaked lake of blue.  
Ah ! tender bluebells, darlings of the spring,  
I blessed you as I gazed ! Old visions came  
Like crowding bees about my heart ; old strains  
Of buried music, voices from my life  
Long perished, floated in the air again,  
And brought back vanished faces, vivid still.  
Ah ! tender bluebells, fragile as those lives,  
Ye spoke too keenly to my heart of love  
Undying for my faithless mood to last !  
It fell away like scales, and kindly tears  
Came dropping down soft rain. Shall these frail blooms  
Be spread in thousands over copse and dell,—  
Be raised from icy death and snow-clad mould  
In beauty passing words ; shall God so clothe  
Grass of the field with more than royal show,  
To prank its hour and fade ; and shall a soul  
In His own Image made, perish or fail—  
Dwindle without His loving care and thought ?  
Oh ! thou of little faith ! — I looked again,  
And yet again at all those wild wood flowers,  
Pondering their beauty with a thankful joy ;—  
Then went my way in stronger, wiser mood.

E. B.



## Loomland Papers.

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### III.—SPINDLES AND LOOMS.

ABOUT the year 1538, Leland paid a visit to "Mancestre, on the south side of the Irwel river," and found it the "fairest, best builded, quickhest, and most populous tounne of al Lancastreshire." He ventured also as far as Bolton—the reader will remember that it would seem something of a venture in those days, for even seventy years later, Camden speaks of "running the hazard of the attempt"—and of Bolton he says that, "Bolton-upon-Moore Market stondeth most by cottons, divers villages in the moores about Bolton do make cottons." This is, rather oddly, a more accurate description of the trade of Bolton in the nineteenth than in the sixteenth century. The Bolton Market now unquestionably "stondeth most by cottons," and at the present day "divers villages in the moores about Bolton," which are now busy towns in one of the most populous districts of England, do make cottons still; but when Leland wrote, the manufacture of the Bolton district was not of cotton, but of woollen goods, and such was his meaning in the passage which we have cited. The word *cottons* was formerly used in a more general sense than at present, and seems to have been applied to articles made of wool. Thus Camden says of Manchester that it excelled the towns around it much more in the last age than in his own, "as well by the glory of its *woollen* cloths, which they call *Manchester cottons*, as by the privilege of sanctuary, which the authority of Parliament, under Henry VIII., transferred to Chester." The act of Henry VIII., thus referred to, itself testifies to the largely-increasing trade of Manchester in linen and woollen goods during the earlier part of the sixteenth century; the privilege of sanctuary, which this



act removed to the more tranquil city of Chester, was found inconvenient in a town where business was done to a large extent upon credit. The woollen manufacture, however, was introduced into the neighbourhood of Manchester at a much earlier period than the reign of Henry VIII. There is a notice of a fulling-mill\* on the river Irk in an extent of the manor of Manchester, which was made in the reign of Edward II. But perhaps the first great impulse was given to the manufacturing industry of Lancashire when Edward III., who had married the daughter of the Earl of Hainault, induced a large number of Flemish manufacturers to settle in various parts of England, and, amongst other places, in Manchester, and the districts of Rossendale and Pendle. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries also, Protestant workmen from Flanders and France took refuge in England, and many of them settled in Lancashire, where by their skill they greatly improved the woollen manufactures of the county. About the year 1520, Martin Brian, or Byrom, of Manchester, was famous amongst the clothiers of the north of England.

It is very doubtful when the manufacture of cotton was introduced into England. The earliest evidence of the use of cotton garments is said to be that which is found in Chaucer, who says of his knight that—

Of fustian he wered a gipon  
All besmotred with his habergeon."

But not before 1641 do we find any clear notice of the manufacture of cotton in Manchester. At that date it appears† that the cotton and woollen manufactures were flourishing in the town. The Manchester manufacturers bought linen yarn from the Irish spinners, and returned the manufactured goods to Ireland for sale. Raw cotton seems to have been imported chiefly from Cyprus and Smyrna; the Manchester spinners bought it in London, and after it had been worked up into "fustians, vermillions,

\* That is a mill for pressing and cleansing cloths. We may take this opportunity of referring once for all to Baines' *History of Lancashire*, vol. 2, as our authority for most of the facts with regard to the history of the cotton trade which are stated in this article.

† *Treasure of Traffic*. By Lewis Roberts. See Baines' *Lanc*, vol. ii., 404.

dimities, and other such stuffes," it was returned for sale, and even for export, to London. The manufacturing industry was not, however, confined to Manchester, it had spread, long before the introduction of cotton, into every little village, and almost every farm-house, in South-East Lancashire. The land, for agricultural purposes, was poor and unprofitable; a thin crop of oats, in later times a few potatoes, milk, butter, and cheese, were the returns which the farmer got from his industry. Unless the seasons were very propitious, these products of the land barely sufficed for the family consumption. To make up short-comings for rent, to supply the clothing of the family, and to provide a little store for harder times, the women of the house, and the father and sons too, when their labour was not required on the land, employed such time as they could spare in the various processes of the manufacture of wool or cotton. The farm-house of this period, whether in Rossendale forest, or on the hills by Rochdale, or the Bolton moors, presents a pleasing picture. The men and women who inhabited these secluded districts, as well as those who lived in the towns and villages, or "folds," of the neighbourhood were a sturdy race, and, in physical development, far superior to the pale-faced soft-fingered artisans who have succeeded them. It is interesting to picture to ourselves the interior of one of these farm-houses such as are still to be seen in the landscape from the heights of Blackstone Edge—

Old farms remote, and far apart, with intervening space  
Of black'ning rock, and barren down, and pasture's pleasant face;  
The white and winding road, that crept through village, glade, and glen,  
And o'er the dreary moorlands, far beyond the homes of men."<sup>\*</sup>

The principal room, or the house-part, as it was called, is large; for the process of spinning with the old spinning-wheel was one which required considerable space. Here, after the cows are milked, the churning is done, and the household work finished, the women of the family are occupied in spinning, and in preparing the wool or cotton for the spinster. Their dress is simple—a blue bedgown,

\* See Waugh's *Sketches of Lancashire Life*, p. 133.

petticoat, and apron—of home manufacture, and of woollen or cotton, according to the material in which they work. They wear strong buckled shoes; the young women have their hair long and hanging down, whilst the mother wears a clean white cap. From another room, probably up-stairs, there may be heard the clatter of the loom. Here, if the day's work in the fields is over, are the men of the household, or some of them, preparing the warp, placing it on the loom, or weaving. Their dress is similar in its character to that of the women, a short blue or drab coat, a long waistcoat with pocket and flaps, breeches of fustian or leather, brown or blue stockings, and buckled shoes, still stronger than those of the women. But the week-day appearance of the family is not so pleasing as that which they present on holiday occasions; for the woollen manufacture requires a copious use of oil, which leaves unpleasant traces on the clothes of those who are engaged in the work. But not one vestige of the grease of everyday work can be detected on the smart stuff gowns and low broad-brimmed felt hats, or, if it be winter time, the cloaks and hoods of deepest scarlet, in which the matron and her daughters are dressed, nor yet on the blooming faces of the family, as they wend their way across the fields, and through the rough, picturesque lanes, towards church or chapel on Sunday; or on Monday, which is Bolton market-day, when the farmer and his wife walk over the moors to the town, to sell the products of their looms, or of their dairy, and to make the necessary purchases for the household.\*

Monday has been a busy day at Bolton for centuries; for, as we have seen, Bolton-upon-Moore market was well known in 1538. And again, from Fuller, it appears that in 1662 Bolton was the "staple-place" for fustians, which, he says, were brought thither from all parts of the country. The merchants rode over from Manchester on the market-days in large numbers to purchase the manufactured goods from the weavers. At the beginning

\* As to the above details of dress, &c., see *Dialect of South Lancashire*, by S. Bamford, introduction. This book is simply an edition of Tim Bobbin's works, with an introduction and glossary by Bamford.

of the eighteenth century, owing to the bad state of the roads throughout the county, goods were carried on pack-horses. The Manchester chap-men had gangs of these horses on which they carried their fustians and other goods to the principal towns in the country, selling what they could, and leaving such goods as were unsold in small stores at the inns of the towns which they visited. On their way home they purchased wool to sell again to the manufacturers of Manchester and its neighbourhood.

A history of the cotton manufacture in Lancashire does not fall within the plan of this paper, nor could it be confined within the limits of a short article.\* The current of our remarks does, however, invite us to take a short glance at the fundamental improvements in the manufacturing processes which were made in the eighteenth century. And in briefly discussing the growth of the cotton manufacture, we may introduce a few remarks upon the life of Samuel Crompton, who may be taken as a representative as well of the class of artisan inventors as of the better class of the Lancashire working people of his own time.

Until late in the eighteenth century, when great improvements had been made in spinning, no goods were manufactured in Lancashire wholly of cotton. Cotton yarn was used only for the *weft*, that is, the cross thread which is threaded by the shuttle in the process of weaving through the *warp*, as those threads are called which lie lengthwise in the loom. The warp was invariably linen yarn, which was supplied mostly from Ireland. In the process of spinning which was in use at this period one person could spin one thread at a time, and no more. The loom, though then but a clumsy machine, outran the spinning-wheel, and the constant cry of the weaver was for more weft. Before beginning work in the morning he had sometimes to walk mile after mile, from one spinner to another, before he could collect sufficient yarn for the day's work. The disparity between the productive power of the spinning-wheel and the loom was further increased

\* It is told very fully in an able article in the *Quarterly Review*, vol. 107.

when John Kay, a native of Bury in Lancashire, invented, in the year 1738, a new mode of throwing the shuttle, by which the process of weaving was much facilitated. By a curious coincidence, in this same year a patent was taken out by Lewis Paul, of London, for a new method of spinning, which, though it was not worked with any success, really embodied the essential elements of the subsequent improvements in the process of spinning by rollers, which were introduced by Arkwright and others. With regard to the inventions connected with the cotton manufacture, it is worthy of remark that, although in some instances the original idea of an invention was conceived by an amateur mechanic, it was almost invariably applied with practical success in the first instance by some poor workman, who had realised in his daily labour the defects and the practical requirements of his machine. Thus, although in 1738 the process was invented which in the end quite reversed the relation of the spinning-wheel to the loom, still, more than thirty years later there was such a scarcity of weft that the Manchester manufacturers, as it is said, were glad when bread was dear, because then the spinners were obliged to work. However, in 1770, the very year in which we read of this scarcity of yarn, a patent was taken out by James Hargreaves, a poor illiterate weaver, of Standhill, near Blackburn, for a new spinning machine, by which, instead of one thread, twenty or thirty could be spun by one person at the same time. And in 1769, Arkwright, a Bolton barber, who distinguished himself rather by his ingenuity in applying the inventions of others than by any inventive genius of his own, had taken out a patent for a process of spinning by rollers. This was, in fact, nothing more than an improvement upon the invention of Lewis Paul, but there is no evidence that its idea was borrowed from the older invention. The result of these improvements in the manufacturing process was that, by Hargreaves' system, a much larger supply of weft was supplied to the weavers, and by Arkwright's machine a better quality of yarn was spun, which was strong enough to take the place of the linen yarn which had hitherto been used for warps. Goods,

therefore, could now for the first time be manufactured entirely of cotton, and the loom had a never-failing supply of weft. Still, notwithstanding these improvements, the English machines could not produce yarn of sufficient fineness to enable our weavers to compete with the Indians in the manufacture of goods of more delicate texture. There were other inventions of much importance made about this time, but enough has been said to indicate generally the state of the cotton manufacture in Lancashire at the time when Samuel Crompton, a young man of about eighteen, was working on one of Hargreaves' spinning-jennies, in a dark room of that quaint and picturesque old house near Bolton, called Hall-i'th'-wood.

Crompton's family was one such as we have attempted to describe, which lived partly on the fruits of a small farm, and partly from the profits of the spinning-wheel and loom. George and Elizabeth Crompton, in the year 1753, when their son Samuel was born, were living at Firwood Fold, near Bolton. Afterwards they removed to Lower Wood, in the same neighbourhood, and, when Samuel was five years old, to Hall-i'th'-Wood. These names show that the neighbourhood of Bolton, however altered now, was once well timbered. Hall-i'th'-Wood, of which the Cromptons occupied only a portion, is one of those post and plaster houses which are not uncommon in Lancashire; the hands of several generations and the tastes of many builders have made it what it is, but no important addition seems to have been made since 1648. The little river Eagley flows round the steep bank on which the house stands. Soon after the removal to Hall-i'th'-Wood, George Crompton died. From him Samuel seems to have inherited his mechanical skill and his taste for music. His mother was thus left with two daughters and a son to depend for their subsistence and education upon her industry and management, and she seems to have been well able to undertake the charge. In her hands the little farm was very prosperous, and every moment which she could spare from her farming labours and the care of her children she devoted to the spinning-wheel and loom. She was a favourite, too, with

her neighbours, to whom, amidst all her busy occupations, she was ever glad to give, with a kindly welcome, some of the elderberry wine made by the frugal and hospitable dame from the fruit which grew about the old house. Moreover, she did not shrink from such public duties as she was called on to discharge, for she appears to have acted as overseer of the poor for her township. In this little household at Hall-i'th'-Wood a simple spirit of piety seems to have reigned, which will remind the reader of Crompton's life, if he be at all acquainted with the Catholic country folk of Lancashire, of many such families in which a similar spirit of simple devotion flourishes, but with more perfection, in the warmth and light of the true faith.

Such were the influences under which young Samuel Crompton grew up. He received a plain education from a schoolmaster at Bolton, to which he was in all likelihood indebted for the remarkable proficiency which he afterwards acquired in arithmetic and mathematics. His mother's rather narrow means probably obliged her to take her son from his books as soon as he was old enough to assist in the more lucrative labours of the loom; but even after he had begun to work regularly at home he attended an evening school at Bolton. His mother seems to have been a severe task-master, and Samuel can have had but little time for the cultivation of his scientific and musical tastes. In the short intervals of his work he made a violin, which, before long, he played so well that he was frequently engaged to play in the orchestra of the Bolton theatre. In this, as in many of the incidents of Crompton's life, we may remark the dogged perseverance with which he always worked out the accomplishment of his designs.

Crompton spun the yarn for his own loom, and we have already noticed that he worked on one of Hargreaves' spinning-jennies. As we have seen, the advantage of this machine was that it enabled the spinner to spin several threads at the same time; its fault was that the yarn spun wanted firmness, and so was liable to break. This imperfection of his yarn impeded Crompton very much, especially in weaving the finer fabrics which were then much in demand; the frequent breaking of his weft made his



daily task extremely irksome. In the same way that he had determined to make a fiddle and learn to play it, so he determined to make a machine which would produce a thread at once finer and stronger than such as he could spin with his jenny; and, as in the one case so in the other, his genius and his great perseverance carried his designs to a successful issue. Crompton began his experiments for the improvement of his spinning-jenny in the year 1774, and it was not until 1779 that he succeeded in completing the machine, which was afterwards called the mule. His father, shortly before he died, had begun to build an organ, and his tools had been carefully stowed away on his death by Mrs. Crompton; these, with such as he could afford to buy out of his little earnings, together with a strong-clasp knife, were the only tools which Crompton used in the construction of his mule. However, in 1779, by dint of untiring industry, he succeeded in finishing a machine, which combined the advantages of Hargreaves' jenny and Arkwright's roller system, and had also peculiar contrivances of its own. It has been said, by way of illustrating the effect which the introduction of this machine has had upon the cotton manufacture, that yarn which Crompton spun with his machine, and for which he got two guineas a pound, is now sold for about two shillings. This yarn was No. 80, that is to say, it weighed eighty hanks to the pound, and it was thought impossible to produce so fine a thread until it was actually spun by Crompton. In 1851, yarn was spun in Bolton parish, by machines which differ in no essential point from the original mule, 700 hanks to the pound, or, as Crompton's biographer says, "at the rate of 334 miles in length spun from one pound of material."\* We shall not enter into the vicissitudes of

\* But the most striking proof of the importance of Crompton's invention is derived from the statistics of the cotton trade, as stated by Mr. French in his *Biography*, between the year 1767, when the jenny and the roller system were invented, and 1789, which was eight years after Crompton had given his machine to the nation. In 1767 about 4,000,000 pounds of cotton were imported; in the year in which Crompton's invention was made public property the amount imported was 6,766,313 pounds; in 1789 the importation had increased to more than 32,000,000 pounds.

Crompton's later life. With all his genius and perseverance, he failed to hold his own against his greedy competitors in the struggle of life, and it is sad to read that he was saved from ending his days in absolute poverty only by the charitable exertions of a few friends in Bolton.\*

Lancashire is indebted for the progress of her manufactures to no single man more, perhaps, than to Samuel Crompton. But he, of course, did but assist in the great work, in which so many others cooperated. We have followed, very briefly, the improvements which were made in the process of spinning, which, as we have seen, were the natural result of the great excess in the demand for yarn over its supply. So great was the increase of spinning power from the application of machinery that, at the end of the eighteenth century, much more yarn was spun than was required by the English weavers, and large quantities were exported. Weaving, at this time, was one of the most profitable trades in the country. The weavers of Bolton, we are told, were the best-dressed men in the town; frequently they carried their work home in a coach, and, to demonstrate their affluence, they were in the habit of wearing five-pound notes in their hat-bands. It was not long, however, before the loom was improved so as to be able to exhaust at least a considerable portion of the supplies of yarn, which the thousands of spindles, now twirling busily in Lancashire and elsewhere, were constantly producing. And it is not only to the ingenuity and industry of man that the manufactures of Lancashire are indebted for their growth and success. These would have been of but little avail, had they not been assisted by the large and never-failing water supply afforded by the rivers which flow down from the hills of North and East Lancashire. The little river Irwell, which rises in the uplands near Accrington, and flows through Manchester into the Mersey, is said to be the hardest-worked stream in the world. Of even more importance than the rivers are the coal-beds, which underlie the whole of the

\* For the above particulars of Crompton's life we are indebted to the *Life of Crompton*, by G. J. French. Manchester, 1862.

hundreds of Blackburn and Salford. And last and not least of these natural advantages is the well-situated harbour of Liverpool, through which the manufacturing districts communicate with the whole world.

The startling magic of our manufactures was well illustrated by Mr. Chadwick in an address to the Statistical Society. In India, we are told, a poor spinstress earns twopence in a day by spinning a mile of thread; the weaver "spreads in the open air a loom of a more primitive construction than the sort depicted on the pyramids," and for his day's work gets a handful of rice. In this very district the English merchant buys the raw cotton, and sends it, by an expensive transit over land and sea, to a factory, in which perhaps £100,000 are invested, and where 150,000 spindles are spinning each day a thread that would wrap twelve times round the earth. These spindles are attended to by 1,000 servants, each of whom receives, at an average, wages more than ten times as great as those of the Hindoo spinstress. In the machinery by which this yarn is woven there may be £80,000 invested in a thousand power-looms; and the web, after being printed, "is carried back again to the extremity of India, and the labour of the poor Indian spinstress, and also that of the poor, rentless, rateless, and taxless Hindoo weaver is undersold; and though they work for the barest existence, their industry is superseded even with their own material taken from the spot."\* It is undesirable to multiply statistics, but we may add that, during the 150 years preceding 1861, the agricultural land of Lancashire is estimated to have increased 3,500 per cent. in value, and the land which is used for commerce and manufactures 7,000 per cent.

The manufactures, and the factory system which they have created, whilst they have wonderfully enriched Lancashire, are sometimes charged with the degradation of its working classes. Every one has heard of the folly and wickedness of the Lancashire operative in his rioting, his intemperate extravagance, senseless strikes, and thrift-

\* See *Journal of the Statistical Society*, xxviii.

less habits of life. But there is every reason to suppose that these vices have to a considerable extent been abated by the spread of education and the improved factory regulations, which have been brought about not merely by wholesome legislative interference, but also by the growing wisdom which the manufacturers have shown of late years in their attention to the welfare of their work-people. A poor man's thrift involves many virtues. Anything, therefore, which shows an increase of prudent economy amongst the working classes of Lancashire may be taken as a mark of a general improvement in their character and habits. Now, in 1860—we have no later statistics at hand, and this date will serve our purpose as well as any other—there was a working-man's cooperative society in Rochdale, with about 2,900 members, which in the first quarter of that year had done business to the amount of £34,000. In 1859 the capital of the society had been £27,000. The members of this society look beyond mere commercial success; they devote two and a half per cent. of their profits to the purchase of books for the library of the society, and in this way in 1859 they had spent £300. They had also subscribed to several charitable institutions in their town, and to the Manchester Infirmary, and they had presented a drinking-fountain, which cost £100, to the Corporation of Rochdale. Again, by the rules of the society there were arbitrators appointed, to whose decision all disputes between the members and the managing committee were to be referred; between 1844 and 1860 not one of the members of the society had ever had recourse to these arbitrators.\* And this is not the only one of these working-men's societies in Rochdale, and Rochdale is certainly not the only town in Lancashire whose operatives invest their savings in this system of cooperation. The institution flourishes throughout the manufacturing districts. It was often said during the distress of the cotton famine that the Lancashire operatives, whose families, men, women, and children, had

\* These statistics are from a speech of Mr. Bright. See *Hansard*, vol. 159, p. 93. We may say upon good authority that the Rochdale cooperative societies are in a prosperous condition at present.

before 1861 been getting weekly wages at the rate of more than ten shillings per head, should have been better prepared to meet the calamities which then fell upon them. There was some foundation for these complaints, but probably not nearly so much as was very generally supposed. If we consider that in 1862, when the distress was only commencing, the amount of wages withdrawn from the manufacturing operatives—more than 300,000 souls—was at the rate of £7,000,000 per annum, it is clear that it was scarcely possible that the savings of previous years should have been sufficient to meet the distress even for a few months. We know, too, from individual cases that frugal hard-working men were forced to succumb to the bad times. Mr. Waugh during the cotton famine visited many of the towns in the manufacturing district, and gave his experiences in a series of letters to the *Manchester Examiner and Times*. These have since been published in an interesting little volume.\* The following is a picture of life at Wigan in 1862:—

We called at one of these cottages. Though rather disorderly just then, it was not an uncomfortable place. It was evidently looked after by some homely dame. A clean old cat dozed upon a chair by the fireside. The bits of cottage furniture, though cheap and well worn, were all there; and the simple household gods, in the shape of pictures and ornaments, were in their places still. A hardy-looking brown-faced man, with close-cropped black hair and a mild countenance, sat on a table by the window making artificial flies for fishing. . . . He told us that he was a throstle overlooker by trade, and that he had been nine months out of work. He said, "There's five on us here when we're i'th heawse. When th' wark fell off I had a bit o' brass save't up, so we were forced to start 'o usin' that. But month after month went by, an' th' brass kept gettin' less, do what we would; an' th' times geet wur, till at last we fund ersels fair stagged up. At after that, my mother helped us as well as hoo could—why, hoo does neaw, for th' matter o' that, an' then aw've three brothers, colliers; they've done their best to poo us through. . . . Aw make no acceawnt o' slotchin' up an' deawn o' this shap like a foo. It would sicken a dog, it would for sure. Aw go a fishin' a bit neaw an' then; an' aw cotter abeawt wi' first one thing an' then another, but it comes to no sense. Its noan like gradely wark."

There is perhaps no feature in the history of the cotton

\* *Home-life of the Lancashire Factory Folk*. By Edwin Waugh. 1867.

famine which is more suggestive of the suffering of honest respectable families than the large withdrawals which were made from the savings-banks in the early months of the distress. And the withdrawals from these banks do not by any means represent the total absorption of savings which was made to meet the distress; for, as we have seen, there are other modes of investment, which are probably regarded with more favour by the Lancashire operative than a savings-bank deposit. Lord Derby, in the eloquent speech which he made to the county meeting of the 2nd December, 1863, drew a touching picture of the downward career of the frugal working man, who has spent his savings, pawned every stick of furniture and every rag of clothing which could possibly be spared, and to the last shrinks from applying for relief, declaring, with an independence which seems characteristic of the Lancashire character, "Nay, but we'll clem first." Mr. Waugh gives many instances of the efforts, which the better class of operatives almost invariably made, to avoid asking for relief. He tells us of one family which was in such a starving condition that their neighbours, seeing that they would not themselves apply for help, made an application to the committee for them. They accepted relief for a week, and then the father went to the committee and said that he should not require further help, as he had a *prospect* of work. On another occasion a visitor offered some tickets to a woman, as he saw that her family was in the most destitute condition, when she, with the tears running down her cheeks, said, "Eh, aw dar not touch em; my husban' would sauce me so! Aw dar not tak' em! Aw should never yer th' last on't." It is curious to read of the devices by which men, who had been thrown out of their regular employment, contrived to eke out a scanty livelihood, or to add something to that with which the charity of others provided them. One woman told Mr. Waugh that her family was not receiving any relief, for her husband had "turn't his hond to shaving. But it brings varra little in, we hev to trust so much. He shaves four on 'em for a hawpenny, an' there's a deal on 'em cannot pay that. Yo know, they're badly off"—the

woman, says Mr. Waugh, seemed to think her circumstances rather above the common kind—"an' then when they'n run up a shot for three-hawpence or twopence or so, they connot pay it o' no shap, an' so they stoppen away fro' the shop. They connot for shame come, that's heav' it is; so we losen their custom, till sich times as summat turns up at they can raise a trifle to pay up wi'. . . . He has nobbut one razzor, but it'll be like to do." There was, of course, another side to the picture of the Lancashire working people during the distress; there were occasionally frauds committed upon the relief committee, there was a good deal of disgraceful grumbling as to the conditions upon which relief was given, there were foolish strikes to be heard of even in the midst of the distress, and there were the disturbances at Staleybridge and elsewhere; but the feeling of the nation at the end of the American war fully testified that such misconduct was not to be charged against the Lancashire working people as a body. With this mere reference to the darker shades of the picture, we may confine ourselves to those which are brighter and more agreeable.\*

The reader of Mr. Waugh's book will remark, as a very pleasing feature in the character of these suffering Lancashire folk, their cheerfulness and the desire to put the best face on affairs which many of them seem to have shown in the midst of their distress. In one house, for instance, which Mr. Waugh visited, there was no furniture but a table, everything else had found its way to the pawnshop and the broker; the room, however, was clean and bright, and on the table in a jug was a gay bush of hawthorn blossom. "Bless yo," said the mistress, "there is at thinks we need'n nought, becose we keepen a daycent eawtside. But I know my own know abeawt that. Beside one doesn't like to fill folk's meawths, iv one is ill off." In another house there was an old couple living who had

\* We are glad to take this opportunity of correcting an error in the first of these papers. The national subscription for the relief of the Lancashire distress was stated to be about £528,000. This was the Mansion House subscription only. At the end of June, 1865, the amount received from all sources was £1,974,203.



"never knowed what it was to want a meal's meight until lately." But times had gone hard with them, and now the old man was earning four shillings a week by working on Preston Moor. As the old dame was telling her story, some young thrushes or throistles began to chirp in a cage which was hung up in the little room. "Yer yo at that," said the old man, turning round to the cage; "yer yo at that! Nobbut three week owd!" "Yes," replied the old woman, "they belong to my grandson theer. He brought 'em in one day, neest and all; an' poor nake't crayters they were. He's a great lad for birds." "He's no warse nor me for that," answered the old man; "aw use't to be terrible fond o' brids when aw wur young."

It is very difficult to resist the temptation of multiplying extracts from Mr. Waugh's interesting book; there are anecdotes which show the kindness of the poor to one another, others which illustrate the love of music, so common amongst the poorer classes of Lancashire, which sometimes led a family to keep their piano—working people sometimes have pianos in Lancashire—even when chairs and tables were disappearing. And every page of this book shows how great was the trial with which the people of the manufacturing districts were visited, and how bravely, on the whole, they bore it. We need not dwell on the tranquillity which prevailed, without any serious disturbance, throughout the suffering districts, nor upon any of the national aspects of the cotton famine. The extracts, indeed, which we have given from Mr. Waugh's book, have not been introduced so much with a reference to the history of the distress, as because they give some insight into the "home-life" of the Lancashire folk, to illustrate which has been the principal purpose of these Loomland papers.

## Lecky's "History of European Morals."

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THE muse of history had a comparatively simple and easy task to perform as long as she copied the ways of her tragic sister, speaking in measured tones, wearing mask and buskin, and waiting in the courts of kings. But when she consented to exchange the pomp of external trappings and ceremonious parade for the more genuine dignity of natural postures and lifelike representation of all scenes of human activity, the difficulties of the work grew in proportion to its interest and value. The facts were at the same time less accessible, and indefinitely more numerous, and, when got at, their proper application implied in the observer a deeper insight into human nature, wider sympathies, greater powers of realisation, arrangement, and pictorial description, than fall to the lot of more than a few choice spirits. But these difficulties are immeasurably enhanced and multiplied when history aspires to be philosophical. To the research and fidelity of the annalist, and the dramatic skill of the artist, must then be added the patience, the caution, the freedom from prejudice, the rigorous conscientiousness required for inductive science, together with that unity of conception and grasp of true and fundamental principles which are essential no less to the clearness and beauty of history than to the solidity and certainty of philosophy. All these difficulties, and many more, beset the philosophical historian of political and social life. Others still greater are to be encountered by any one who attempts to write the history of mental or moral tendencies, especially in some past age, whose systems of belief have no living representatives, and whose eddying course was not submitted to philosophic scrutiny at the time. If again the period to be examined be long, yet one of transition, of agitation, of bitter conflict, of final and complete though gradual revolution, what additional complications have to be unravelled, what fresh perplexities to be settled, what nice care to be taken in assigning to a multitude of changes their true causes and conditions, in calculating the bearing of each and all of these upon one another, in tracing those hidden currents which influence the course of individual and social life far more than

any external change or strife! The undertaking is one of appalling difficulty. He must have a bold heart who can brace himself to enter upon it. He must have a fine sense of responsibility, a judgment unbiassed by prejudice, party feeling, or personal interest, a cool head, and a steady hand, who, amidst a thousand temptations to negligence and injustice, so accomplishes his voyage as to have avoided all deviations, or even to have escaped utter shipwreck. The odds are terribly on the side of failure, the chances of complete success infinitesimally small.

Mr. Lecky has been courageous enough to make the attempt. If he has not achieved absolute success, even if his work turns out to be no more than a brilliant failure, such a result was only naturally to be expected. His work would have been above all praise if it had not been open to criticism. The honour of having made the attempt with much honesty of purpose, and the merit of having done a great deal of useful work, outweigh defects which were inevitable in a task of such magnitude and difficulty. He had much better have written as he has written than not have written at all. In the history of the discovery of the North-West Passage, the names of Parry, Franklin, Ross, and others, though they were not happy enough to realise their hopes, are not less illustrious than that of the more fortunate M'Clure. So is it with scientific investigations and the philosophy of history. As Dr. Newman admirably says in one of his lectures, "Theories, speculations, hypotheses, are started; perhaps they are to die, still not before they have suggested ideas better than themselves. These better ideas are taken up in turn by other men, and, if they do not yet lead to truth, nevertheless they lead to what is still nearer to truth than themselves; and thus knowledge on the whole makes progress. The errors of some minds in scientific investigations are more fruitful than the truths of others. A science seems making no progress, but to abound in failures, yet imperceptibly all the time it is advancing, and it is of course a gain to truth even to have learnt what is not true, if nothing more." He indeed was speaking of the unintentional aberrations and failures of loyal Catholic writers on scientific subjects, and supposing good faith, honest intentions, and a deep sense of responsibility. Yet, as far at least as personal respect and candid appreciation of the honest labours of non-Catholics go, the same principles should be applied by every generous mind. They labour under special difficulties, for which they are not always fully answerable, and when they produce works which contain much from which Catholics must heartily differ, much which they

cannot but disapprove and condemn, whilst it is our bounden duty to take care not to countenance their errors, it is no less right and becoming that we should recognise their merits, and acknowledge such services as they have rendered to truth, and the high qualities they have displayed in their writings. As might have been expected from the author of the *Rise and Influence of Rationalism in Europe*, Mr. Lecky has treated his present subject with remarkable ability. There is a tone of earnestness and sincerity about him which persuades the reader of his unvarying intention to be fair and candid. His diligence in research, and power of grouping together a mass of telling facts narrated with singular fidelity and felicity of expression, his readiness to state both sides of a question to the best of his power, and his unqualified admiration of such excellence as he is capable of appreciating, no matter where it may be found, are qualities which entitle him to a respectful hearing, however much we may be dissatisfied with his inferences or dissent from his final judgments.

As Mr. Lecky tells us in his preface, there are three leading questions which he has especially regarded in examining the moral history of Europe from Augustus to Charlemagne. The first touches the changes that took place during that period in the moral standard, or, in other words, the degrees in which in heathen and Christian ages recognised virtues have been enjoined and practised. The second is the moral type, or relative importance attached in those times respectively to different virtues. The third is the realised morals of the people. The first two questions refer to the ideal of moralists, the third to their actual influence in character and extent upon the conscience and life of society. But before entering upon these questions he has deemed it advisable to discuss the rival theories now in vogue concerning the nature and obligation of morals, with an intention doubtless in great measure polemical, but chiefly with a view to a frank statement of his own position as a judge of the facts which he has to deal with. The great practical convenience of this method is that it obviates much danger of misconception, and entirely relieves him from the charge of insidiousness. Whatever opinion may be formed of the suitableness of this choice, at least no one can complain that he has been deceived by reticence as to the principles which underlie the author's survey of the field of morals which he has depicted, measured, and estimated. Some may think that by excluding all considerations of a purely theological character—in other words, by standing neutral between

Paganism and Christianity, and refusing to determine for himself the truth or falsehood of the latter, he has left the first great difficulty of the task unsurmounted, and shut himself off from the possibility of a truthful representation of the works and ways of the city of God. It may be said that to blot out the sun from the heavens is a strange preparation for an endeavour to discriminate all the fine shades and gradations of moral colouring which range between supernatural heroism and unnatural guilt and degradation. It may be true that he has wilfully surrounded himself with a mist which must have the effect of hiding from his view many objects that ought to be observed, and of distorting and misrepresenting such as are not entirely obliterated. But at all events he does not pretend to be what he is not, or disguise from any of his readers what he is. Nothing can be plainer than his own description of his plan and principles in the preface and first chapter of his work. In the former he says :—

I have followed the moral history of the Pagan Empire, reviewing the Stoical, the Eclectic, and the Egyptian philosophies, that in turn flourished, showing in what respects they were the products or expression of the general conditions of society, tracing their influence in many departments of legislature and literature, and investigating the causes of the deep-seated corruption which baffled all the efforts of emperors and philosophers. The triumph of the Christian religion in Europe next demands our attention. In treating this subject I have endeavoured, for the most part, to exclude all considerations of a purely theological or controversial character, all discussions concerning the origin of the faith in Palestine, and concerning the first type of its doctrines, and to regard the Church simply in its aspect as a moral agent, exercising its influence in Europe. Confining myself within these limits, I have examined the manner in which the circumstances of the Pagan Empire impeded or assisted its growth, the nature of the opposition it had to encounter, the transformations it underwent under the influence of prosperity, of the ascetic enthusiasm, and of the barbarian invasions, and the many ways in which it determined the moral condition of society. The growing sense of the sanctity of human life, the history of charity, the formation of the legends of the hagiology, the effects of asceticism upon civic and domestic virtues, the moral influence of monasteries, the ethics of the intellect, the virtues and vices of the decaying Christian Empire and of the barbarian kingdoms that replaced it, the gradual apotheosis of secular rank and the first stages of that military Christianity which attained its climax at the Crusades, have been all discussed with more or less detail ; and I have concluded my work by reviewing the changes that have taken place in the position of women, and in the moral questions connected with the relations of the sexes.

We confess, as Catholics, our conviction—certainly not diminished by the perusal of Mr. Lecky's book—of the impossibility of justice being done to the Church of God in any estimate

of her moral influence formed by one who has not submitted to her claims. If the Church is what she pretends to be, an institution supernatural in origin, in principle of life, in scope and aim, how is any one to measure her action by purely natural standards? If she is not, then she is a gigantic imposture; and it is inconceivable how any one can believe this without being thrown into an attitude of absolute antagonism. The more honest, truthful, and upright a man is, the more intensely must he abhor a system based upon blasphemous falsehood. If we have not made up our minds whether she is or not, then it is very difficult to see how we can expect to form a right estimate of a course of action the springs of which we refuse to examine. But in reality no one ever does manage consistently to maintain this position of indifference. He may start on his inquiries with a forced persuasion that he intends to do so, he may assume a tone of judicious impartiality, but in spite of himself he will not have gone far without betraying an unmistakable perhaps unconscious animus of hostility, or even of irritation, or downright hatred. Of the Church, as of her Divine Teacher and Head, it is and must be true that they who are not for her are against her. Her life on this earth is one long battle. It is impossible to follow the fortunes of the fight, to judge of the tactics employed, to estimate success or failure, unless we know what her end and aim are, who the enemy are, on which side we ourselves are. The Church is for ever running counter to the theories and practice of the world. She comes across the path of men at every turn; she never leaves them alone; she urges on each the necessity of self-conquest by her help; she preaches to all, in season and out of season, that all that is in the world is the concupiscence of the flesh, the concupiscence of the eyes, the pride of life, and that she has one great enterprise, namely, to combat these principles of evil and their universal result, sin, in the field of the human heart. And each human heart is forced by the necessity of the case either to take part with her, or in obedience to its native instincts to disbelieve and oppose her. It is mere self-deceit to fancy that one can stand aloof from the world-wide contest, and criticise with unconcern the varying turns of the battle. Yet this is Mr. Lecky's chosen point of view. It is not wonderful then that, as we shall see presently, he displays from time to time a spirit of intense dislike for some of the chief features of the Church's moral action quite at variance with his profession of neutrality. It is not, however, uninteresting to observe the impressions made upon such a mind by such facts as

it can observe, nor is the cause of truth unserved by the admissions which it is induced to make in favour of Catholicism. Obligated then though we may be to hold that Mr. Lecky's interpretation of history is necessarily not only inadequate and incomplete, but also false, we may yet thank him for having furnished us with materials towards a more comprehensive and more faithful survey.

Mr. Lecky starts, then, with a chapter entitled *The Natural History of Morals*. This is not a mere statement of his own philosophic creed, but an attempt to hold the balance between two great rival schools. The one is commonly known as the inductive, experiential, utilitarian school, the other as the intuitive, or transcendental school of moralists. Mr. Lecky writes a brilliant essay of some hundred and sixty pages or more upon their respective doctrines, and undertakes in that space not merely the office of expounding, but of criticising their views. We do not think that either party will accept his statement of their tenets. There is a confusion throughout of two very distinct issues, which throws his argument into inextricable entanglement. The two questions, as to the nature and foundation of virtue, and as to the nature of that faculty by which we have ideas of right and wrong, cannot be simultaneously treated. The one is concerned with the standard or criterion of moral good and moral evil, the other with the faculty which applies that standard. The first deals with the object, the second with the subject of morals. What is the difference between right and wrong, between virtue and vice, is the first question. Whence comes the sense of obligation, is the second. Of course there is a very intimate connection between the nature of duty and the genesis of conscience; those who set up utility as the standard of morals will, for the most part, adopt the view of the acquisition of the sense of obligation by experience; and those who maintain that the quality in an action which leads us to denominate it right or wrong is not resolvable into other elements, but absolute, eternal, and inherent in the nature of things, will often hold, also, that man has a special faculty or innate consciousness or moral sense, by which he recognises and discriminates the morality of actions. Still, these questions require separate treatment, and should not be so mixed up as to make it appear that either school denies the existence of a sense of obligation in man. On this all schools are agreed. It is an evident fact, which they may analyse, account for, and derive differently, but which no one fails to recognise. Mr. Lecky, from a failure to perceive what the different schools thus



hold in common, actually places Hume among intuitive moralists, on the ground that he admitted a natural feeling of approbation or disapprobation, distinct from reason, and produced by a peculiar sense or taste, though in the very same passage he admits that Hume pronounced utility to be the criterion and essential element of all virtue (vol. i., pp. 5, 77, 78). Had he inquired a little further into the meaning of the word "natural" in the mouth of Hume, probably so gross a misconception would have been avoided.

Again, with every intention to be fair to his opponents, there can be little doubt that Mr. Lecky sins against good logic and intellectual candour when, from their favourite proposition that utility is the standard of virtue, he infers that inanimate things ought to be called virtuous, provided only they are useful. The cause of the intuitionists is not served by such transitions *a genere in genus*. Surely utilitarians may be allowed to draw some distinction between *actions* and *things*. It is simply distressing to see a clever man imagining that he can demolish an adversary by so patent a paralogism as this :

If the excellence of virtue consists solely in its utility or tendency to promote the happiness of men, a machine, a fertile field, or a navigable river would all possess in a very high degree the element of virtue (vol. i., p. 38).

Similarly strange, as directed at least against Mr. Mill and the later utilitarians, is the following argument :

In obedience to the common feelings of our nature he (our inquirer) may have struggled long and painfully against sins of the imagination, which he was never seriously tempted to convert into sins of action. But his new philosophy will be admirably fitted to console his mind. If remorse be absent, the indulgence of the most vicious imagination is a pleasure, and if this indulgence does not lead to action it is a clear gain, and therefore to be applauded. That a course may be continually pursued in imagination without leading to corresponding actions he will speedily discover, and, indeed, it has always been one of the chief objections brought against fiction that the constant exercise of the sympathies in favour of imaginary beings is found positively to indispose men to practical benevolence (vol. i., p. 46).

Here Mr. Lecky commits the double error of misrepresenting his opponent's idea of utility, by restricting it to the sensible pleasure of the individual, and of knocking down his own argument the very moment after he had set it up, for the last sentence shows that he is well aware that imaginations which do not lead directly to action do exercise a strong predisposing influence upon the character, being productive of selfishness and other

vices equally contrary to the true welfare of the individual and to the interests of society at large. One would think, from this and other passages, that Mr. Lecky is forgetful that Mr. Mill has carefully distinguished between different kinds of pleasure and happiness, and sets the happiness of the world in general as a standard of morality above the happiness of the individual agent. We have as deep a conviction as Mr. Lecky of the falseness and essential immorality of utilitarian theories, but they are not to be overthrown by such random shots as he discharges against them.

Mr. Lecky's own position it is not very easy to identify. Speaking broadly, he may be said to stand on the side of the stoical, intuitive, independent, or sentimental school; to maintain, on the one hand, that right and wrong are intrinsically, absolutely, immutably distinguished the one from the other, without reference to the happiness or unhappiness to which they conduce; and on the other that, by the constitution of our nature, we perceive this difference, the notion of right carrying with it a feeling of obligation, informing us of our duty apart from the consideration of consequences. Yet, when he comes to details, he is betrayed into singular inconsistencies. At one moment (vol. i., pp. 3, 71, 77, 102), the distinction between right and wrong is represented as immutable, and our perception of it to carry with it a sense of an immutable obligation; yet at another (*Ibid.*, pp. 113, 114, 115, 123), that there is a sense in which moral distinctions are altogether relative and transient; that the end sometimes justifies the means; that some material or intellectual advantages may be rightly purchased at some sacrifice of our moral nature; that the opposite theory of theologians would, if acted on, be utterly incompatible with the very rudiments of civilisation; that the Church's estimate of sin, stated so forcibly by Dr. Newman (*Anglican Difficulties*, p. 190) as a thing in its essence so unspeakably dreadful that no conceivable material or intellectual advantage can counterbalance it, is absolutely unrealised and impossible to realise, and that there may occasionally arise considerations of extreme and overwhelming utility that may justify a sacrifice even of those virtues which are of perfect obligation, and derived immediately from the dictates of conscience. So that right and wrong are, after all, resolved into purely relative terms, the nobler and the less noble, the purer and the less pure, just as gold is more valuable than silver, yet a very small quantity of gold may be advantageously exchanged for a very large quantity of silver (p. 123). At one time the idea of virtue is made wholly irrespective of utility (p. 3 seq.); at another the virtue of charity is

regarded as a good thing only because it is of use to the world (p. 40). At one time conscience seems to be a distinct faculty, at others a dictate of the reason; or again, a feeling or an instinct, or an intuition or intellectual perception, accompanied by a feeling. In fact, the whole of his own position is remarkable for a haziness, an indecision, a faltering, which betray both confusion of idea and defect of certain conviction. Had he read Aristotle with care, and not trusted simply to a few isolated texts collected together by Sir James Mackintosh, and still more, had he studied some of those great ethical works which the Catholic Church has enabled her children to produce, we cannot but think that he would never have placed Aristotle amongst utilitarians, and that he would have gained in firmness, clearness, and precision, as well as in breadth and fulness of view. St. Thomas and Tapparelli, not to mention a host of others, would have enlightened him as to the nature of the moral sense. He would have seen that the practical understanding which judges, the will or appetitive faculty which cleaves to or loves the good presented to it by the intellect, and the sensitive or emotional powers of our compound nature, contain whatever is necessary to account for all the psychological phenomena of morality, without having recourse to the existence of any special faculty. He would have been able to furnish something worthy of the name of an analysis of the procedure by which the mind arrives at that final practical decision which guides our actions, that consequence which reveals, *hic et nunc*, our individual duty, and to which the name of *conscience* properly belongs. There would then have been no difficulty in determining the difference between *bonum honestum* and *bonum utile*, their relations one to the other, and the consequent distinction and connexion between the science of duty and the science of happiness. He would have learnt to look on man as he is in that order in which his Creator has placed him. Instead of limiting his notions of the virtuousness of charity to its usefulness to mankind, and making it a mere synonym for philanthropy, he would have seen in it the type of all morality, the act supremely suitable to our nature, supremely moral, the highest and most perfect reflection of the infinite holiness of God, or of that love with which God loves His own infinite perfection. He could not then have sympathised with the ethics of the day in the erection of pride into a virtue, "the parent and guardian of many virtues," "an invaluable moral agent" (vol. ii., p. 199), and have decried humility as apt of its own nature to degenerate into servility. He would have entered, as he seems scarcely to have

done, into the true meaning of that eloquent passage in Dr. Newman's ninth discourse on university education, where he describes "the very household god of the Protestant," and shows how the external seemliness which it fosters is but a false decoration of the hollow sepulchre of modern society. One would have thought that a man of Mr. Lecky's wide reading in almost every field of thought would have deemed it not only worth his while, but a real duty whilst engaged on an appreciation of Catholic morals, to have consulted the standard works of Catholic moralists, and to have mastered the only system which could be expected to reveal in their entirety the principles which the Church of God inculcates at all times and in all places on her children. But for some reason or other he contents himself with scrap knowledge upon this topic, and turns to his own account detached passages from the Fathers and other ecclesiastical writers, where often one side of the question alone is being insisted upon, and the counterbalancing doctrines are not urged, because they are supposed to be known, and the exigencies of the matter in hand did not call for their exposition. Such a course is deeply to be regretted, both for Mr. Lecky's own sake and that of his readers. It is the fashion of his countrymen to ignore the philosophical labours of Catholics. They seem incapable of realising the possibility of there being carefully elaborated treatises on psychology and ethics distinct in principle and in conclusions from those of our island authors. To have given an account of the progress of thought on these subjects within the three kingdoms passes for a comprehensive survey of the whole field. Why waste time and trouble upon investigating theories which, though they have obtained throughout Europe for ages and still hold their ground in all continental Christian schools, have been consigned to ignorant contempt amongst us for the last two or three hundred years? In this, we are sorry to say, Mr. Lecky has not emancipated himself, as we might have expected from so intelligent and well-intentioned a writer, from the insular narrowness of his countrymen. The result is that nothing comes of his inquiry. He leaves his readers where they were before. His righteous onslaught on utilitarianism fails for want of steady principles of his own. The conditions of the problem are neither firmly grasped nor exhaustively dealt with. His chief opponents will claim the victory by merely pointing out the injustice of many of his appreciations, and they will not assuredly be slow to follow up their victory by a raid into his chosen territory, and to establish, by a complete rout of his feeble

forces, their hold upon the English mind more firmly, perhaps, than ever.

In his survey of the Pagan empire, Mr. Lecky draws attention in the first place to the slightness of the connexion between religion and morality in those times. And were the remark confined to the influence of religion upon the more cultivated minds, no doubt there is considerable truth in the remark. The facts he adduces also tend to prove that the gods were ridiculed even by many of the common people. But no one can examine carefully the inner life of the people, not merely at Rome, to which he too exclusively confines his attention, but throughout the empire, without seeing that religion did exercise, if not much for good, at any rate a most powerful influence for evil upon the great mass of the people. Whilst bearing witness in some measure to the existence of a supreme Deity and the immortality of the soul, along with these elevating influences there was a far more potent evil leaven in heathenism, which, by diverting the minds of men from spiritual ideas and confining them to the regions of sense, led them towards the lowest depths of degradation. The fears of men were worked upon in a way which produced the most frantic efforts of magical art to avert the malignant action of cruel deities, and, as Pliny, Plutarch, Suetonius, and Tertullian, amongst many others, too plainly show, culminated in human sacrifice. Men of refinement recorded these facts only because struck with the dignity of the ceremonial, not at all in a spirit of ridicule or disgust. The brutal instincts were let loose by religion itself in the corrupt heart of man. The gladiatorial shows, in which prodigality of human life reached, perhaps, its most extravagant height, had their origin in religion. This same fear, whilst it drove man from God, plunged him also into abominable carnal pleasures. The lowest desires, even the nameless lusts by which nature itself is outraged, were consecrated by religion. The circus, the theatre, the amphitheatre, everywhere under the same sanction, educated the people *en masse* to lust, and the inseparable companion of lust, cruelty. We need only refer our readers to Mr. Lecky's final chapter on the position of women for abundant proof of the unrestrained license which everywhere prevailed under the empire. It is only surprising that he has given little prominence to its principal cause, whilst he dwells at length upon every isolated example of self-control, of exalted sentiment, of pure domestic life, which his reading can supply.

His strong sympathies, again, with the tenets of stoicism hurry him into exaggerated estimates of its practical power over the

lives of men. He does indeed allow that it had little efficacy in repressing the general reign of vice. Corruption and degeneracy ran riot as before. But he seems to rely mainly upon the high sentiments so frequently and eloquently expressed by the leading writers of the school for his opinion of the virtues it engendered and the grand moral character it formed. Certainly, there were a few stoics who displayed with wonderful consistency in their lives the noblest qualities, the most austere purity, the most heroic grandeur of which unregenerate man is capable. They shine with special splendour amidst the darkness that surrounded them, but, blind as he is to the essential immorality of pride and arrogance, he hides from us the weak points in their character. As for the rest, it might have been more satisfactory to his readers, if not to him, to have inquired somewhat more narrowly into the life and manners of the epigrammatic exponents of stoicism, and, at any rate, he ought to have pointed out the materialism which appears in the writings of Seneca whenever he treats questions concerning the Deity and the soul of man, and the strange hypocrisy of his advice to join in adoring the rabble of gods whose marriages and manners he so mercilessly ridicules. Even his account of Marcus Aurelius, certainly one of the noblest and grandest characters of antiquity, falls short of completeness on one very important point, namely, the gloom and deep despondency inherent in his system, and for ever recurring in his reflections.

On the whole, Mr. Lecky's view of pagan morals betrays no small amount of sympathy with pagan principles. Admitting the depth of degradation into which society was plunged under the empire, the utter and more than brutal demoralisation of all ranks and both sexes, the horrible excesses of lust and cruelty which meet the historical inquirer at every moment, still, when he comes to examine into the causes of corruption, the religions of paganism are left almost entirely out of sight. It is in the imperial system, in slavery, in the decline of public spirit, in the universality of the empire, in the neglect of agricultural pursuits, in the relaxation of military discipline, in the gladiatorial shows, and similar influences, that he reads the causes of decadence. He is so dazzled by the masculine grandeur of the ideal type of virtue in ancient days, of courage, self-assertion, magnanimity, and, above all, of patriotism, that his perception of the low value set upon chastity, modesty, charity, and the domestic virtues, and of the absolute rejection of humility, does not open his eyes to the hollowness of pagan pretensions to virtue. He does not pene-

trate beyond the surface of things. He cannot see how all the depravity he describes was the natural outcome of the formal principle of paganism. What he reckons amongst causes were for the most part quite as much effects of a leaven that was always working in the ancient world. The essence of paganism was its naturalism, its absolute separation of man from God. From that root sprang an absolute ignorance of the true nature of man and of his relations to the world around him. To know man is to know his component parts, his material and his spiritual nature, to know by whom and for what end these two elements are united, to know for what he is a pilgrim upon earth, under what laws he lies, what conditions he has to observe in presence of the allurements of pleasure and the assaults of pain. To know man is to know his nobility and his misery, the meaning of the sorrows so often attendant upon virtue and the fortune which smiles upon vice, to form a true estimate of the fallaciousness and hypocritical iniquity of human justice. To know man is to know whether, on the dissolution of soul and body, the spiritual part survives, and what its destiny is in the mysterious region it is compelled to visit. But paganism, because it refused to know God as men might have known Him even from this material world, had no answer to give to this all-important question, except the dreary, benumbing, degrading answers of materialism, cynicism, scepticism, or fatalism. There was no choice left but to indulge in lascivious brutality or ferocious pride, or the disconsolate sadness of a life without dignity, drift, guide, or aim. Hence came, in punishment of a criminal independence, slavery—not the mere slavery of the body, though that pressed upon nine-tenths of the human race—but *spiritual* slavery, bowing down the intellects and hearts of men under the yoke of an insane fear of the forces of nature, and, by consequence, of grovelling superstition and ridiculous idolatry,—*moral* slavery, by which reason abdicated her throne, and, stifled by the gross exhalations of concupiscence, first ceased to condemn evils it had become powerless to resist, and then became the active energetic accomplice of sensuality, and the instigator to every crime,—*social* slavery, or the erection of the state into an idol to which personal independence, domestic contentment, every best interest of the individual and the family had to be ruthlessly sacrificed. True patriotism is based upon charity; the so-called patriotism of pagan heroes was built upon no other basis than that of pride and selfishness. It was a swollen form of autolatry, not directed to the increase of contentment, industry, good manners, peace and order, but thirsting for state



aggrandisement by annexation and conquest, its motive pride, its instrument force, its right might. But Mr. Lecky observes nothing of all this. He sees, indeed, the contrast between heathen and Catholic teaching as to the dignity and weakness of human nature, as to the conception of sin, as to pride and humility, as to life and death. He understands that paganism acknowledged no original sin, and looked on actual sin simply as a disease (vol. i., p. 205); he acknowledges that pride was not only permitted, but raised into the leading moral agent (*ibid*, p. 205); that death was recognised as a law, but not regarded as a punishment (*ibid*, p. 219). But it is only that he may prove the variety of moral standard in different ages, not at all in condemnation of pagan views. Indeed, he seems rather to admire pride and despise humility. Speaking of the Stoics he says:—

Life and death in the stoical system were attuned to the same key. The deification of human virtue, the total absence of the sense of sin, the proud stubborn will that deemed humiliation the worst of stains, appeared alike in each. The type of its own kind was perfect. All the virtues and all the majesty that accompany human pride, when developed to the highest point and directed to the noblest ends, were here displayed (*ibid*, p. 235).

How different is his estimate of humility!—

This virtue is indeed the crowning grace and beauty of the most perfect characters of the saintly type; but experience has shown that among common men humility is more apt to degenerate into servility than pride into arrogance; and modern moralists have appealed more successfully to the sense of dignity than to the opposite feeling. Two of the most important steps of later moral history have consisted of the creation of a sense of pride as the parent and the guardian of many virtues (vol. ii., p. 199).

In the case of death, again, his sympathies with stoicism carry him away into one of those outbursts of dislike and unfairness towards the Catholic Church, which in spite of his intentions he is not always able to repress—

The main object of the pagan philosophers was to dispel the terrors the imagination had cast around death, and by destroying this last cause of fear to secure the liberty of man. The main object of the Catholic Priests has been to make death in itself as revolting and appalling as possible, and by representing escape from its terrors as hopeless, except by complete subjection to their rule, to convert it into an instrument of government. . . . Like those mothers who govern their children by persuading them that the dark is crowded with spectres that will seize the disobedient, and who often succeed in creating an association of ideas that the adult man is unable altogether to dissolve, the Catholic Priests resolved to base their

power upon the nerves; and as they long exercised an absolute control over literature, education, and art, they succeeded in completely reversing the teaching of ancient philosophy, and in making the terrors of death for centuries the nightmare of the imagination (vol. i., pp. 222, 233).

At the same time, Mr. Lecky frequently and readily admits, and, more than admits, eloquently portrays, the impotence of any pagan teaching to repress vice or arrest the progress of corruption. His picture of the intense and undisguised depravity of the Empire is vivid and filled in with a profusion of facts. With all its defects, the account he gives of the rapacity, the cruelty, the degradation especially of women, the prevalence of suicide, the contempt for human life exhibited in infanticide, in war, in gladiatorial shows, and in a thousand other ways, forms the most valuable portion of his volumes.

Mr. Lecky's account of the conversion of Rome is eminently unsatisfactory. By far the larger part of his argument is negative. He combats what he calls three popular errors on the subject—the theory which ascribes part of the teaching of the later pagan moralists to Christian influence, the theory which attributes the conversion of the empire to the evidence of miracles, and the theory that the persecutions which Christianity had to encounter were so terrible and in their nature so crushing as to render its triumph naturally inexplicable. We have not space to follow him at present through these controversies, and his remarks have in reality very little to do with his main subject. Suffice it to say that he allows the possibility of miracles, though he finds in the uncritical temper of the times, and the predisposition to accept the miraculous on slight evidence, reasons powerful enough to induce our rejection of evidence which in any other matter would be absolutely convincing. With regard to persecution, he follows, with some modifications due to his candour and warmth of heart, in the wake of Dodwell and Gibbon. In a chapter of more than a hundred and fifty pages he dismisses the investigation of the positive part of his subject within the narrow compass of nine. The disintegration of old religions and the general thirst for belief, together with the adaptation of Christianity to the wants of the age, are in his eyes an adequate description of the causes of the rapid triumph of Christianity. It taught a pure and noble system of ethics, and proved itself capable of realising it in action; it proclaimed the universal brotherhood of mankind; it brought solace to the suffering and oppressed; it summed up in its doctrines the best teaching of all the philosophic schools; it responded to the

prevailing thirst for prodigy; it fascinated a despairing world by the high hopes of a future life; it presented an ideal of the loftiest teaching combined with the winning influences of compassion and love; it took the hearts of men by storm; its organisation as an institution was skilful and elaborate; its adherents were full of an aggressive, proselytising enthusiasm, and knew how by word and act to appeal to every feeling of the human heart, to hope and fear, to credulity and sentiment, to compassion, and above all to love. Doubtless in all this, though poorly stated and inadequately developed, there is much of truth. Paganism perished in the course of five centuries mainly by two weapons, teaching, both dogmatic and controversial, and charity. The force of truth, and the force of bright example, were the two grand agencies of Christianity. Yet the one required miracle as its evidence, and the other martyrdom as its surest test, to force conviction on the reluctant minds and rebellious hearts of men. Nor even then is it possible to account for the overthrow of all manner of antagonisms in the corrupt nature of man, in the inveterate habits of society, in the jealousy and vindictiveness of the State, without having recourse to the influence of grace and the secret overrulings of Providence. Mr. Lecky takes little or no notice of the strength of the inward opposition Christianity had to encounter, and the repugnance of its tenets and practices to all the most cherished ideas, sentiments, and customs of mankind. True, it had that within it which could master the intellect of the powerful and the learned, and which was calculated to find its way into the affections of the poor. But it had to contend with religions which were intrenched behind the consent of antiquity, and which enlisted on their side the interests and the passions of men. Its exclusiveness and intolerance did in fact draw down upon it the reproach of hatred of the human race, of ambitious desire to subvert the Empire, and its laws were incompatible with the maxims which were everywhere in vogue. It was beset with the most insidious calumnies, and the very calamities which fell upon the Empire shortly after its rise naturally roused the enmity of those who were bound heart and soul to that Empire's greatness, and who were ready to attribute every evil that came to pass to the anger of their gods, outraged by the impiety of the Christians. To ignore all this and a multitude of other difficulties, that would have crushed the life out of any human institution started even under much more favourable auspices, is to blind oneself to the facts of history, and to prove one's own unfitness for the task of constructing its philosophy. The finger of God

was unmistakably there, and to refuse to admit this is nothing more or less than petulant infidelity.

Mr. Lecky devotes his second volume to an examination of the history of Christian morals from Constantine to Charlemagne. He shows fairly enough, and supports his views with his usual abundant store of facts, how Christianity raised the standard and enlarged the sphere and range of the virtues; how, without cancelling the heroic virtues, it superadded the amiable and benevolent ones; how it restored the union between morality and religion; how it regenerated the world in the most practical way by introducing a new sense of the sanctity of life, by exhibiting a noble enthusiasm in the cause of charity, and most of all by raising the position of women, by revolutionising men's idea of marriage, by supplying pure images to the imagination, and by establishing the dignity and obligation of chastity. We could have wished to enlarge upon these points, there is so much that is admirable in Mr. Lecky's presentation of the facts bearing upon them; but space forbids. Unfortunately, what is good is so much mixed up with unfair attacks upon other points, and with sneers which are the expression of intense prejudice and un-Christian appreciations, that we cannot in conscience recommend any one whose duty does not lead them into controversial studies to read Mr. Lecky's pages for themselves. He even qualifies his admiration for early Christian charity by attributing it in great measure to theological notions about insanity, which he of course, as not believing in devils, treats with the utmost derision, and by the assertion of its injudiciousness in the point of view of that political economy which he has learnt from Malthus, and which he crudely mistakes for the most enlightened philanthropy.

But it is for asceticism and celibacy that he reserves the especial vials of his wrath. Disbelieving in sin and innate corruption, ignoring the obligation and excellence of penitence, undervaluing humility and obedience, he looks upon asceticism with almost unmitigated detestation and disgust.

A hideous, sordid, and emaciated maniac, without knowledge, without patriotism, without natural affection, passing his life in a long routine of useless and atrocious self-torture, and quailing before the ghastly phantoms of his delirious brain, had become the ideal of the nations which had known the writings of Plato and Cicero and the lives of Socrates or Cato (vol. ii., p. 114).

It is, indeed, no wonder that the fastidiousness of modern refine-

ment should regard this development of Christian morality as an exaggeration and a mistake. Where there is no sense of sin penance will be regarded as unwholesome fanaticism. What is contrary to nature shocks and irritates the sense of the becoming in the civilised rationalistic gentleman, who submits to pain only when it is inevitable, and looks upon external cleanliness and decency as primary and indispensable articles of the moral code. But Mr. Lecky has, indeed, read the lives of the Saints of the desert to little purpose, and to little purpose studied the character of those brutal forces against which Christianity was waging war, if he cannot see that a strong remedy was necessary to counteract a fearfully strong tendency to vice, that a protest of the most vehement kind was needed against the appalling immorality of the age; that these same rugged mystics were full of a strong common sense, of much wondrous kindness, of a spirit of courtesy and beautiful modesty, of sublime spiritual aspirations, of heroic courage, of a divine charity which softened the seeming asperity of their manners, and exercised an influence for good, altogether incompatible with the qualities he ascribes to them and with the motives he assigns to their life of self-denial and self-sacrifice. He may be pardoned for not being able to take the measure of their sanctity, but the narratives he has read in Tillemont, Rosweyde, and the Bollandists, furnish a host of facts which ought to have shown him that the monks and hermits of the desert were neither without knowledge nor passions nor imagination, that their prayers were anything but a mechanical routine, and that as they grew in age and experience they grew also in thorough humanity of spirit and a wisdom not without its touches of gentle irony and sweet compassionateness for the weaknesses of men. We desiderate in Mr. Lecky, on this and the kindred question of celibacy, breadth of view, philosophic calmness, rigid impartiality, quite as much as spiritual discernment and appreciation of the inner life of the true Christian. In this, and in many other respects, Mr. Lecky is but a man of the world, with no notion of fighting against the world, the flesh, and the devil, sitting in judgment upon a divine institution, and necessarily, as he judges by his own standard, condemning much and despising more. He has read Dr. Newman's eighth and ninth lectures on Anglican difficulties. As he does not seem to have profited by their perusal we can but say to him that he does not understand what sin is, nor what is the real nature of the war which the Church is ever waging against sin. This is her mission and the key to her conduct.

Such is the Church, O ye men of the world, and now you know her. Such she is, such she will be, and though she aims at your good, it is in her own way—and if you oppose her, she defies you. She has her mission, and do it she will, whether she be in rags or in fine linen; whether with awkward or refined carriage; whether by means of uncultivated intellects or with the grace of accomplishments. Not that, in fact, she is not the source of numberless temporal and moral blessings to you also; the history of ages testifies it; but she makes no promise; she is sent to seek the lost;—that is her first object, and she will fulfil it, whatever comes of it.

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### **A Heart-Psalm.**

JUNE.

THIS world of ours is very fair :  
 'Twas thus it looked in early youth,  
 And things I meet with everywhere  
 In riper years bring home this truth.

And mostly now when June's soft air  
 Is laden with the breath of flowers,  
 This heart-psalm rises : "Wondrous fair  
 Has God decked out this earth of ours."

My glad heart wanders o'er the earth,  
 And, vocal with the joy it holds,  
 Sings welcome to the flowers' gay birth,  
 Sings praise unto the Hand that moulds

Their growing beauties in the air  
 Which kisses every dawning blush ;  
 While Nature, spell-bound everywhere,  
 Can find no voice to break the hush,

Save now and then a wild outbreak  
 That gushes forth from some glad bird—  
 Its heart's o'erflowings—a mad shake  
 Of rapt emotion, quickly heard

And chorussed from each answering grove,  
 In treble pipings loud and shrill ;  
 'Till ceased the tuneful burst of love—  
 The tranced world is hushed and still.

Yet not blue skies nor balmy air,  
 Nor piping birds, nor rich-hued flowers,  
 Wake the sweet heart-psalm : "Wondrous fair  
 Has God decked out this earth of ours."

Poor, trembling heart, thy voice is heard,  
Up-swelling to the throne above.  
You sing, but as the full-souled bird,  
Not wonder in thy tones, but love.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ah ! sure earth never seemed so fair,  
Since light first dawned from light's great Fount,  
As seemed the hill-top, cold and bare,  
To three rapt hearts on Thabor's mount.

How hoped they as they turned about,  
And sought once more the lowly plain,  
The hidden glory would come out,  
And they might lose themselves again !

And what to them all things of earth ;  
The glad blue skies, the golden flowers,  
The concert swelling loud in mirth  
That rang from all the leafy bowers ?

O Light ! O Beauty ! worlds away,  
Thy moving influence hearts that pine  
Stirs ever ; and we pray, we pray,  
Till darkness dies in light divine.

But still to me, who have not seen  
The sight that makes the Angels glad,  
Bright azure skies and meadows green  
Have all the charms they ever had.

And still I count each waning moon  
That sinks into the happy past,  
And hope, past many a sunny June,  
Eternal summer at the last !

J. O'C. A.



## A Life of Ten Years.

### PART V.

#### I.

ON the 31st of March, Lasne, the new guardian appointed in Laurent's room, arrived at the Temple. He had been a house-painter in 1795. Before the Revolution he had been a soldier of the French Guard, but in 1789 he had adopted the uniform of the newly created National Guard. In 1837, when Lasne had just reached his eightieth year, M. de Beauchesne saw him for the first time. He received from him a sort of narrative of his life, and among other incidents he informed M. de Beauchesne that in 1792 he had had many opportunities, while on duty, of seeing the Dauphin. Indeed, most of the people of Paris must have been familiar with the features of the boy, either when he was in public with his parents in their vain attempts to gain popularity, or playing in the garden of the Tuileries. We have quoted for our readers the favourable opinion entertained in 1851 of Lasne's evidence by the Tribunal of the Seine. Doubts have been raised as to his general credibility, because in the trial of Richemont, in 1834, Lasne declared that he had frequently conversed with the prisoner of the Temple, and because again, in 1837, he deposed in apparent contradiction to this, that during the boy's severest sufferings no complaint issued from his lips. Lasne went on to relate that one day, having presented a potion to the child which he hesitated to take, the guardian put it to his own lips, on which the sick boy cried out, "You have, then, sworn that I should drink it? Well, give it to me and I will." Lasne added, "Those were the only words I heard him utter during all the time that I have spent with him."

Comparing this anecdote with Lasne's repeated assertions of the young King's power and practise of speech towards the end of his illness, it requires little candour to see that, by "the only words," Lasne meant the only hasty or complaining words. Besides, the depositions of Gomin are clear as to the occasional speech of his charge. The argument from the dumbness of the

boy in the Temple in favour of his being a substituted child will not stand fair examination, and it is evidently founded on the report of Harmand and the rumours spread by municipals, to whom it is certain that the Prince preserved an obstinate silence.

Lasne appears to have had a stronger character than Gomin, and, from his entry to the Temple, he interested himself in the young King. In an affidavit taken in 1837, he declares, "I had occasion to see the young Dauphin, the son of Louis XVI., at the Tuileries. I saw him again, and recognised him, at the Temple in March, 1795. I was entrusted with the guardianship at the Temple. The boy was most certainly the same."

The day after his arrival Lasne determined, if possible, to gain the confidence of the Prince. Gomin gave up to him the daily care of the prisoner's clothes and cleanliness, and, though it was some time before the boy would answer his questions, Lasne gradually won his way. He introduced some slight improvements in the system of the prison. He even ventured to check Gomlet the turnkey in the excessive noise he made every time the three massive locks of the Prince's apartment were turned, and desired him only to keep secure one of the doors, the others being unnecessary. The turnkey obeyed, but next day the municipal on duty sternly objected to the smallest change in the rules, and Lasne was silenced. Still he persevered in his effort to introduce some cheerfulness into the gloomy place. He sang, and encouraged Gomin sometimes to play the violin. After three weeks silence, the boy at last spoke to his new friend, and Lasne redoubled his attentions. He told the sinking boy stories of the army, and of the regiment which the boy had once commanded. "Did you see me with my sword?" he asked in a whisper, lest he should be overheard. The sword exists still. It is in the collection of the Louvre, and bears the simple inscription, "Sword of the son of Louis XVI."

But the boy was sinking fast. On the 2nd of May, Lasne and Gomin thought it their duty to enter in their daily report, "The little Capet is ill." No notice was taken of the warning, and next day they wrote again in the register of the Temple, "The little Capet is dangerously ill." On the third day they added, "There is danger of death." On the 5th of May, they were informed that the eminent physician, M. Desault, was to visit their prisoner. M. Desault examined his patient long and anxiously, but the boy would not answer his questions. The physician ordered for him decoctions of hops, to be taken every

half hour during the day. To the guardians M. Desault expressed no opinion of the young King's state, but he informed the Executive that he had been called in too late, and he proposed that his patient should be removed to country air. No measures however were taken in accordance with his advice. On the 30th of May, as Desault was leaving the Temple, Breullard, the municipal on service, said to him, "The child is lost ! is he not ?" "I fear so, but there are, perhaps, in the world persons who hope it." Desault did not again visit the Prince. Next day the municipal on duty happened to be one Bélanger, an architect and painter, who had in former times been in the employment of "Monsieur" the young King's uncle. When he found Desault did not arrive at the usual hour, he went up to the prisoner's room saying that he would there await the doctor. He opened his portfolio and amused the Prince with the sketches in it, which for some time occupied the sick boy. Presently Bélanger asked if he might add another drawing to his collection. The Prince assented with a smile, and Bélanger drew, in crayon, the outline of his features. It was from this portrait that two busts of Louis XVII. were executed, one within a few days of Bélanger's visit by M. Beaumont, a sculptor, and, twenty years later, another, in the Sèvres manufactory of porcelain. It is difficult to understand how the fact of Bélanger's testimony is met by those who maintain that Louis XVII. had left the Temple a year before ; so difficult that another theory of the prisoner's evasion was invented to meet the exigency. It is pretended that Bélanger was an instrument employed by Monsieur to get his nephew out of the Temple, that Desault was never allowed to reappear, lest he might perceive the substitution—that he was poisoned at a dinner given to him by "the Conventionals," and that his notes of the young King's case were never forthcoming. In short, some mystery-mongers insist that Desault was sacrificed to some secret of the Temple. Yet, according to the *Biographie Médicale* the *post-mortem* examination of Desault showed no trace of poison. Bichal, his pupil, speaking of the rumour, observes, "What illustrious man is there whose death has not been made a subject of false guesses by the public, which is ever ready to find in it something extraordinary ?"

But whether Desault's sudden attack of malignant fever were the result of poison or not, administered by Monsieur or administered by the Conventionals, how are we to imagine that a dying boy was exchanged deftly for another, who, if not dying, was in a state of extreme prostration ? Was the transfer effected in

Bélanger's portfolio? Were the three guardians privy to the fraud as well as an indefinite number of officials and sentries? Was a boy found in a parallel state to the young King's, and ready to act his part of dying, while the miserable wreck of the Temple succeeded in active and difficult flight; and, finally, what definite advantage to Monsieur, or to the Convention, lay in the escape of the prisoner?

Nothing, on the other hand, can be more consistently probable than the events that really did take place, when we remember the confusion, and corruption, and terror of the time. A summary of the chief events that coincided with the time of the young King's last illness and death, will enable us to understand what in other times would seem suspicious in the treatment of a Prince by birth so important.

The Republic had been successful abroad, and feared little from the Coalition. The peace of Bâle on the 5th of April, and the treaty of the Hague on the 16th of May, gave external security to the Revolutionists. In the space of seventeen months France had gained twenty-seven battles, and had taken a hundred and sixteen fortified places; the attitude of Europe, therefore, left the Paris Executive free in its dealings with the "little Capets," and we have seen that the leaders of the Convention were not men to initiate any amelioration in the captivity of the "tyrant's children." In judging of the evidence we possess of Louis XVII.'s illness and death in the Temple, it is uncandid to cavil over some trivial informalities in the records of his end, and to draw important consequences from some omission there may chanced to have been in official routine. The state of Paris will account for more than the alleged deficiency in the proof of the Temple prisoner's identity with the son of Louis XVI. For instance, on the 27th of May, while Desault was administering his hop decoctions to the Prince, the Insurrection which has been called "of Hunger" threatened the existence of the Convention. The head of Férand was paraded before his fellow-deputies in their room of Assembly by a furious mob! Paris was the battlefield of Jacobins and Thermidorians. For two days the struggle of the factions continued, and then came terrible revenge on the conquered Jacobins. The remaining members of the old Executive, which had decided the fate of Louis XVII., were hunted down as wild beasts, and the trial of six among them, who had not escaped, filled men's minds, while the victim of the Temple languished to his grave. We do not easily conceive the fierce passions, the famine, and misery, the mad world of the "White Terror," but when once we

get some idea of it, the neglect of the dying Prince appears a necessary result of the existing anarchy.

Even had it been practicable to remove him, it is doubtful whether any of the factions of the Emigration sincerely wished to liberate the ruined Prince. He was never likely, in his leadership, to satisfy their lust for revenge, or to prove a worthy master of the *Œil de Bœuf*. He had become useless to the royalists, and and indifferent to the republicans. If there has been calculation in his treatment, it certainly had been successful in the double destruction of his mind and body. Except in one or two, whose pity was roused by witnessing his condition, he could raise no interest or enthusiasm. Even in the memoirs of his sister may be traced a repugnance, which probably dated from the dreadful moment when, under the tutorship of Hébert and Simon, he had lied against his mother, and when his moral degradation must have been shamefully apparent.

On the 17th of February, 1795, the chiefs of the Chouan revolt had made peace with the Convention, and it was said that among the secret articles of the treaty was one stipulating for the delivery to Charette of the son of Louis XVI. But the steady neglect shown to the boy by the Paris Government proves that such an article could only have been an hypocrisy. The days of the young King had been numbered, and his career for ever stopped, and, whatever the reaction of the nation towards royalty, Jacobinism had at least secured that the son of Marie Antoinette should be an object of contempt and incapable of government. The active regency of "Monsieur," meantime, rendered the life or death of his nephew of little political importance. Little interest, even among the courtiers of Verona, or the boon-companions of the Comte d'Artois, was excited by the circumstances of the Prince's death in the Temple. The obscurity that closed around it was natural, and none but persons interested in the fortunes of some pretender, or greedy to cast discredit on the Bourbon restoration, need find a mystery in it.

## II.

The *Moniteur* of the day ascribes M. Desanlt's death to violent fever, brought on by excitement during the "Insurrection of Hunger." Five days passed before further medical aid was ordered for Louis XVII.: days of such turmoil in Paris, that the tottering Government may well have been careless of the administration of frictions of hop decoctions to the dying boy. On the 5th of June, however, M. Pelletan, chief surgeon of a principal

hospital in Paris, was sent to the Temple. "I found," he says, "the child in so bad a state, that I urgently requested that another member of the profession should be associated with me, to relieve me from a burthen which I could not support alone." M. Pelletan at once ordered the removal of the wooden window-blinds, and the disuse of the noisy bolts, which, he observed, affected the patient's nerves painfully. "If you do not at once do this," he said emphatically to Thory, the municipal on service, "at least you will not object to our carrying the child into another room, for we are, I suppose, sent here to give him proper care."

The Prince then signed to him to come near, and whispered to him. "Speak low," he said, "I fear lest they should hear you above, and I should be sorry that they knew I was ill, for it would give them great pain."

It is said, by those who maintain that there was a substitute, that up to this the prisoner of the Temple had kept silence. They account for the fact of his having spoken to M. Pelletan, by declaring that a second substitute had replaced the dumb son of Baron Tardif, and they support the theory by pretending that the son of Louis XVI. must have known that his mother's apartment was too far off for the sounds in his to reach her. But from Madame Royale's narrative, and from the deposition of the Prince against Madame Elisabeth, it is plain that noises in the second story had frequently been audible in the third. The recollection of his deposition weighed on him, and if he had brooded on his involuntary treachery, what more natural then his words to the surgeon?

He suffered much in the removal to the outer room, but we are told he never complained. M. Pelletan continued Desault's treatment, so, though no notes were left by Desault, it appears certain that both physicians thought alike of their patient. Neither of them were allowed to use the only efficient remedy, that of complete change. Even under M. Pelletan's care, the boy was obliged to remain alone from eight at night till eight in the morning, without a voice to cheer him in the valley of the shadow of death.

On the 6th of June he seemed slightly better. He took his medicine without repugnance, and Lasne helped him to get up. At half-past eight M. Pelletan arrived and examined him, but gave no new prescription. Towards two, Gomin went up with the prisoner's dinner, accompanied by the new commissioner of the day, who bore the ill-reputed name of Hébert. Lifting his head

with difficulty from his pillow, the child took some spoonfuls of soup, and then lay down. Some cherries were put on the bed within his reach, and from time to time his shaking hand took up one, and he ate it with pleasure. "So ! so !" said Hébert, "you shall show me, citizen, your order for moving the wolf-cub out of his room." "We have no written order," replied Gomin, "but the doctor, whom you will see to-morrow, will tell you we have acted by his directions." "How long," retorted Hébert angrily, "has the Republic been governed by barbers? You will have to ask leave from the Committee. Understand that !" Hearing the rough words, the boy left his cherries, and drew his hands slowly under the bed clothes.

Next day M. Pelletan was informed that the Government had consented to associate a colleague with him. M. Dumangin, first physician of l'Unité, presented himself at the Temple on the morning of the 7th of June, with credentials from the Committee of Public Safety. Both doctors immediately went up to their patient. They found him just recovering from a fainting fit, and in a state of such prostration, that they both acknowledged that nothing could be done to restore his strength, worn out by the long agony of imprisonment. They expressed surprise at the solitude in which their patient was left at night, and in their report were urgent for a nurse. The Committee authorised the appointment of any person as nurse who might be selected by the physicians. But it was too late. Meantime, on the 7th, the medical men withdrew, having done little more than give permission that the dying boy might drink a glass of sugared water if he complained of thirst.

At supper time, Gomin was surprised to find him better; his eyes were brighter, his voice stronger, his colour clearer. "It is you !" he said to the guardian. "So you suffer less," said Gomin. "Less," replied the child; but as he spoke a tear gathered and rolled down his sunken cheek. Gomin asked him what was the matter. "Always alone," the Prince murmured; "my mother remained in the other Tower." Presently Gomin said, "It is sad, certainly, to be alone, but you are spared bad company, and bad examples." "Oh, I see, enough !" answered the child; "but," and he touched his guardian's sleeve, "I also see good people and they keep me from hating the others." "N——," continued Gomin, who in reporting to M. de Beauchesne the conversation could not recal the name, "N——, who has often been here as commissioner, has been arrested, and he is in prison." "I am sorry," said the child—"Is he here?" "No; in La Force in the Faubourg S. Antoine." "I am sorry," said the Prince, after a



long pause, "I am sorry; for you see he is more unhappy than we are—he deserved his misfortune." It has been said that no boy of ten could have uttered so noble a sentiment. Louis the XVII. had had strange teaching, and the clever child of Versailles had been well grounded in high thoughts. It is more likely that he should have spoken so, in the clear hour that often heralds death, than that the dull tradesman Gomin should have invented the words.

Even on that last night his guardians were obliged to leave him alone. Next morning, the 8th of June, Lasne went up first to his room, for Gomin dreaded to find him dead. At eight o'clock, when Pelletan arrived, the child was up; but the physician saw that the end was near, and did not stay many minutes. Feeling heavy and weak, the Prince asked to lie down as soon as the doctor was gone. He was in bed at eleven, when Dumangin came; and with Pelletan's concurrence a bulletin was signed, which announced the fatal symptoms of the Prince's illness. He did not apparently suffer. Seeing him quiet, Gomin said to him; "I hope you are not in pain just now." "Oh, yes, I suffer still, but much less; the music is so beautiful." Needless to say that then there was no earthly music in the Temple that day! "Where do you hear it?" asked Gomin. "Up there; listen, listen." The child raised his hand, his eyes opened wide, he listened eagerly, and then in sudden joy he cried out, "Through all the voices I heard my mother's."

A second after, all the light died away in his face, and his eyes wandered vacantly towards the window. Gomin asked him what he was looking at. But the dying boy seemed not to have heard, and took no notice of his guardian's questions. After a time Lasne came up stairs to replace Gomin. The Prince looked at him long and dreamily, then on some slight movement of his, Lasne asked him if he wanted anything. "Do you think my sister heard the music?" asked the child—"It would have done her good." Soon after he turned his eyes eagerly towards the window, a happy exclamation broke from his lips, then looking at Lasne he said; "I have a thing to tell you." The guardian took his hand, the prisoner's head sunk on Lasne's breast, who listened in vain for another sound. There was no struggle, but when the guardian felt the child's heart, it had ceased to beat. It was a quarter past two o'clock in the afternoon.

Informed by Lasne that the young King was dead, Gomin and the commissioner of the day immediately went up to the room where he lay. They arranged the body, and lifted it to the inner

chamber, where the child had spent his two years of suffering. Then the doors were thrown open for the first time since the Republic had closed them on the "tyrant's son."

Gomin went without delay to the Committee of Public Safety. There he saw M. Gauthier, one of its members, who said, "You have done well to come yourself and at once with the message; but it comes too late, the sitting is over. The report of this cannot be made to-day to the National Convention; keep the news secret till to-morrow, until I have taken suitable measures. I will send to the Temple M. Bourguignon, one of the secretaries of the Committee of Public Safety, to assure himself of the truth of your declaration." M. Bourguignon followed Gomin on his return to the Temple. He verified the event, renewed the recommendation of silence, and desired that the service should be carried on as usual. There is in these directions of M. Gauthier nothing to suggest mystery. It was a moment for the most measured prudence in individual members of the Government, when a false political step so easily cost a man his life, and when the dislocation of society and the universal suspicion were perhaps greater than during the Red Terror.

On the 9th of June, at eight o'clock, and therefore at the earliest moment possible to official form, four members of the Committee of General Safety came to the Temple to verify the Prince's decease. They affected extreme indifference. "The event," they said several times, "has no importance, the Commissioner of Police of the section will come to receive the declaration of death. He will verify it, and take measures necessary for burial without any ceremonies. The Committee will proceed to give the necessary orders." When they were leaving, some officers of the Temple Guard desired admission to see the remains the little Capet. Damont, the commissioner on service, having observed that the guard would not allow the coffin to be taken out without requiring it to be opened, the deputies from the Committee decided that the officers and sub-officers of the day and their reliefs, should be requested to verify the death of the boy. The two commissioners who were on service on the two following days were especially sent for, and, with their colleague of the day, remained in the Temple. Damont, by an order dated the day before, continued on service. Having collected the whole corps of the guard, he requested them to declare if they recognised the body as that of the ex-Dauphin. All who had seen the young Prince in the Tuileries or in the Temple attested that it was in truth the body of Louis XVI.'s son.

On their going down to the council-room, Darlot, one of the municipal commissioners, drew up formally the act of attestation. It was signed by some twenty persons, of whom M. de Beauchesne gives ten of the names. The declaration was inserted in the register of the Temple which, after the liberation of Madame Royal, was deposited at the Ministry of the Interior.

## III.

During these proceedings the surgeons directed to make the *post-mortem* examination arrived. MM. Pelletan and Dumangin chose as their assistants for the operation M. Lassus, who had been in attendance on the late King's aunts, and M. Jeanroy, who had been in the service of the house of Lorraine. The signatures of these gentlemen were, of course, peculiarly valuable under the circumstances. They went into the room where the body lay, as soon as the officials of the Temple had finished their verification. M. Jeanroy observed that the bad light of the room was unfavourable to the accomplishment of their mission. The corpse was therefore removed to the outer chamber, and placed near the window, when the examination was made. Discredit has been cast on the evidence of the officials who saw the body while it remained in the inner room before M. Jeanroy's proposal was adopted. But there is a wide difference between the light required for a surgical operation and that which would be amply sufficient for recognition of identity. The declaration of the four physicians has also been cavilled at. We confess that, taken in connection with their unvarying expression of belief in the identity of the prisoner—both at the time, and after the Restoration—we see in the declaration only a formal and cautious assertion of the facts within the knowledge of the witnesses. In its first paragraph is set forth the decree of the Government directing them to execute "the *post-mortem* examination of the deceased Louis Capet's son." In the second is the sentence which has been taken to express doubt, and which we beg our readers to note carefully.—"Having arrived at eleven o'clock in the morning at the external door of the Temple, we four were received by the commissioners, who introduced us to the Tower. When we came to the second story, we found, in the second room of the apartment, the dead body of a child, which appeared to be about ten years old. It was, the commissioners told us, the body of the son of the deceased Louis Capet, and two of us recognized it to be the child for whom they had prescribed during some days. The same commissioners declared to us

that this child had died the day before, towards three o'clock in the afternoon. We then endeavoured to verify the signs of death, which we found characterised by the general paleness, the cold habit of the body, the stiffness of the limbs, the glazed eyes, &c., &c." In the declaration, which proceeds at length to detail the state of the body, there is only the careful elimination of all assumption which is proper in such documents and prudent in such a case. The anatomical description of the boy's condition concludes with the opinion of the examiners, that "all the disorders of which we have given the detail are evidently the effect of a scrofulous tendency existing for a long period, and to which should be attributed the death of the child." In 1817, M. Pelletan made a further declaration in which he asserts that he particularly examined the brain "of the son of Louis XVI."

Those who cling to the theory that Louis XVII. was stolen from the prison between the visits of Desault and Pelletan say that Desault's opinion of the prisoner's condition differed from that of his successor in the boy's care. The treatment of both physicians was, however, similar, and in the absence of Desault's notes there is no trustworthy evidence of what his opinion was. It is remarkable that he had attended the elder brother of the Prince for the scrofulous disease of which he died, at Mendon, in 1789.

The National Convention received the report of the "little Capet's" death with indifference. It occurred at a moment of intense excitement in Paris—when the trial of the Jacobin deputies concerned in the "Insurrection of Hunger" was about to commence. On the 11th of June, the news of their prisoner's decease was formally received by the Convention. On the 12th began the proceedings that decided the future of the Republic; for the safety of the Thermidorians depended on the destruction of Jacobinism as a principle in the persons of its leaders. The disappearance of a dying child was of little moment in the struggle of parties. The negligence and indifference of the Executive as to the Temple is not mysterious. But if, at such a time, extraordinary exactness had been observed, and great publicity had been sought for the facts of the young King's death and interment, there would have been reason to suspect intrigue.

M. de Beauchesne has been able to give the public, by the kindness of the Duchesse des Cars, a letter from Madame de Tourzel, which shows that one of the persons most interested

by affection in the Prince's fate was satisfied with the evidence of his death.

"Not able to endure the idea of a loss so painful to me," writes Mdme. de Tourzel, "and having some doubts of its reality, I wished to assure myself positively that all hope must be abandoned. I had been acquainted from my childhood with the Doctor Jeanroy, an old man of eighty-four, of rare honesty, and profoundly attached to the royal family. Being able to rely on the truth of his evidence as on my own, I sent to beg that he would visit me. His reputation had caused his selection by the Members of the Convention, that he might strengthen by his signature (at the foot of the declaration of the autopsy) the proof that the young King had not been poisoned. The good man had at first refused the proposal made to him to go to the Temple for verification of the causes of his death, warning them that if he perceived the slightest trace of poison he would mention it, even at the risk of his life. 'You are precisely the man which it is essential for us to have,' they said to him, 'and it is for this reason that we have preferred you to all others.'

"I asked Jeanroy if he had known him well before he came to the Temple. He said that he had seen him but seldom, and added, with tears in his eyes, that the countenance of the child, whose features the shadow of death had not changed, was so beautiful and interesting that it was constantly present in his thoughts, and that he should perfectly recognise the young Prince if he were shown his portrait. I showed him a striking likeness which I had fortunately preserved. 'There can be no mistake,' he said with tears, 'it is himself, and no one could fail to recognise him.'

"This evidence was further strengthened by that of Pelletan, who being sent for to my house in consultation some years after the death Jeanroy, was struck by the resemblance of a bust which he found on my mantelpiece, to that of the dear little Prince, and though he received no hint which could have enabled him to recognise it, he exclaimed on seeing it, 'It is the Dauphin, and how like him!' It was impossible for me to form the slightest doubt of the testimony of two such respectable persons, and there was nothing left for me but to weep for my dear little Prince."

On the 10th of June, at six o'clock in the evening, a police commissioner and two civil commissioners of the section of the Temple arrived at the Tower to register the death of the prisoner, and take the body away for burial. M. de Beauchesne publishes a fac-simile of the form filled in by the officials. We confess that in it we see no trace of the carelessness which is alleged by the partisans of subsequent "lost Princes." It is a printed document fully filled up, certified by Dussert, the police commissioner, and attested by Lasne, Robin, and Bigot, who had been on service in the Temple at the time of the young King's death. At seven o'clock the body, which had been brought down to the court-yard, after having been arranged in its coffin by the commissioners present, was taken to the Cemetery of St. Margaret. There was full daylight during the procession

and interment. As there was a crowd of persons round the principal gate of the Temple, the commissioners proposed that the bier should be taken through a side door, but Dussert, who was in charge of all the arrangements, ordered it to be taken out by the main entrance. There, a small detachment of troops fell in as escort. Four men, who were relieved from time to time, carried the bier. A sergeant and six men preceded it, several officials and municipal commissioners followed, and after them a corporal and six men brought up the rear.

No mark was left in the burying-place to show the spot where the coffin had been placed. The soil was revelled, and about nine o'clock the official witnesses of the ceremony left the cemetery. Two sentries were stationed during the first nights, to see that no person should meddle with the body. At ten o'clock of the same evening, a declaration that the decree of the Convention touching the burial of Louis Capet's son had been executed, was drawn up and signed by eight of the chief witnesses to it.

It has been made a subject of surprise that on the restoration of Louis XVIII., when the remains of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette were disinterred and honoured with splendid burial at S. Denis, no measures were taken to recover the relics of their son. On the motion of Chateaubriand, in January 1816, the two Chambers had decreed that a monument should be raised to the memory of the royal victims of the Revolution, Louis XVII., Marie Antoinette, and Madame Elisabeth, and in the following February the King ordered search to be made for the remains of his unfortunate nephew. M. de Beauchesne gives the letter of the Prefect of Police, detailing, in June, the information which he had been able to collect from the police commissioner, Dussert, who had managed the Prince's funeral in all its arrangements, from Voisin, a grave-digger, attached to the cemetery at the time, and from the widow of one Valentin, who professed that her husband had transferred the coffin of Louis XVII. from the common pit to a private grave. From all the information obtained from these different persons (including the Curé of St. Margaret), "it results," writes the Prefect, "that the mortal remains of his Majesty Louis XVII., contained in a coffin of white wood, four feet and a half in length, were carried from the Temple to the Cemetery of St. Margaret, towards nine o'clock in the evening, and deposited in the large common pit; that a declaration of the ceremony was drawn up by the Sieur Gille, then police commissioner; that it appears

likely that the body was removed from the common pit; that this operation was secretly executed during the same night or the following, by Voisin or Valentin; that if it was done by the latter the place where the ashes of the young King lie is under the left pilaster of the church door; if by the former, the private grave may be found in the spot which Voisin has pointed out at the left of the cross raised in the centre of the cemetery, on the back being turned to the church." Other witnesses declared that the funeral of the Prince had been only simulated, and that his bones lay at the foot of the Temple Tower, where he had been a prisoner; and the chief gardener of the Luxembourg still further confused men's minds by a long affidavit in June, 1816, to the effect that he had, as he believed, aided to bury Louis XVII. in the distant Cemetery of Clamart, in the presence of four members of the Committee of General Safety.

In the presence of so much uncertainty, and such conflicting reports, it is not surprising that Louis XVIII. hesitated to proceed in the identification of his nephew's ashes. Even about the comparatively easy verification of Louis XVI.'s remains there had hung doubt, which excited the scoffs of the enemies of the restored dynasty. It would have been impossible to persevere in honouring nameless dust or sanctioning its intrusion into the vaults of S. Denis without such ridicule as might perhaps have endangered the lately regained crown. It was natural under the circumstances that when the Curé of St. Margaret with inconvenient zeal made an application to Madame Royale, then Madame d'Angoulême, that her brother's remains might be sought for and placed in a chapel of his church, she wept much, but refused to order any search, "because," she added, "great care must be taken not to revive the memories of our civil discords, for the position of Kings is terrible, and they cannot do all that they would."

On the return of the Bourbons to power, M. Pelletan found it expedient to give out, that during the *post-mortem* examination of the prisoner in the Temple he had taken away the heart. Lasne positively denied that such an important abstraction had been possible, but supposing that M. Pelletan had found means to carry away, at the risk of his life, to use his own words, the young King's heart, the subsequent history of the relic is altogether unsatisfactory. He declared that he had preserved it in spirits of wine, and that after ten years it became so dry that it could be put away in a drawer with other anatomical



preparations. One day he perceived that it was gone, and his suspicion fell on a pupil, whom however he continued to receive in his house. M. Pelletan did not press for restitution lest the theft should be denied, and the relic destroyed. After the death of the young man his widow gave it back to M. Pelletan, who declared that he perfectly recognised it. He placed it in a crystal vase, on which were engraved the letters "L.C.," surmounted by seventeen stars and a lily, and the relic is still in the possession of the Pelletan family. Louis XVIII. had intended to place at S. Denis both M. Pelletan's relic and the heart of the eldest son of Louis XVI., which had been also, it was alleged, preserved by private loyalty, but the dread of fraud and mystification prevailed, and no measures were taken which might have roused a controversy.

## IV.

The news of the unfortunate Prince's death spread rapidly through France, and failed not to suggest the most exaggerated rumours. It was said that he had been poisoned. The threats of more than one Conventional were remembered. People asked themselves, what were the "useful crimes" of which Deputy Brival had spoken when he regretted the presence of Capet's children in Paris. Cabot's advice that "France should be delivered by the apothecary from Capet's son," was recalled; but there was no need of further violence than what the boy had already suffered, and there is no foundation for the stories of his having been poisoned by a dish of spinach or something else. The *post-mortem* examination, and the verbal assertion of Desault, quoted by his friend M. de Beaulieu in his essays on the French Revolution, set the question at rest. "It appeared less dangerous to the Republican chiefs," wrote M. Hue, "to labour for the destruction of all his moral faculties by ill-treatment, and to wear out his organs by terror, than to endanger their popularity by inflicting on the Prince a violent death. "If it happened," calculated the tyrants of the Clubs, "that in any popular movement the people of Paris should visit the Temple to proclaim Louis XVII. King, we should shew them a baby, whose stupid and imbecile appearance would force them to give up any project of placing him on the throne."

"I do not believe that he was poisoned," writes Madame Royale, "as has been said, and is still said. The evidence of the doctors who opened his body proves it to be false, for they found not the slightest trace of poison. The drugs which he

had taken in his last illness were analysed, and found wholesome. The only poison which abridged his life was filth, joined to the horrible treatment, the cruelty, and severity without precedent, which he was exposed to."

The Regent "Monsieur" did not delay to assume the rights which he inherited on the death of his nephew. He received the news at Verona on the 24th of June, and immediately announced his accession to the Courts of Europe. His proclamation to the French people was widely circulated throughout France, and on the 8th of July the Prince de Condé issued a violent manifesto to the emigrant army which concluded with the phrases, "Gentlemen, the King Louis XVII. is dead. Long live the King Louis XVIII.!"

After the death of the Prince, his sister alone remained to embarrass the Convention. She was politically unimportant, and as soon as the negotiations for her exchange were completed she was handed over to the Austrian Government in return for the officials given up to Austria by Dumouriez, and for two Republican envoys arrested by the Imperialists in Italy. After her departure from the Temple the precautions used in guarding it were of course abandoned. Persons interested in the royal family contrived to visit the rooms they had occupied, and have recorded the inscriptions found in them. None were by the King's hand or by that of Madame Elisabeth. There was in the Queen's, only a memento of her children's heights. In the embrasure of her bedrooms she had written in pencil, "*27 mars quatre pieds, dix pouces, trois lignes*;" and lower down, "*Trois pieds, deux pouces*." In the Dauphin's room were found two traces of his presence. He had drawn a flower on the wood-work near the corner, where the stove had been; and further on, on another panel, these words were written with a badly-pointed pencil or a bit of charcoal—

*Maman je vous pr—*

Madame Royale had left many tokens on the walls of her apartment. When the Conventionnel Rovere was afterwards imprisoned there he found written by her in pencil, "*O mon Dieu, pardonnez à ceux qui ont fait mourir mes parents*." "Remorse," says Rovère, "drove me from the room."

There were many inscriptions by other hands in the apartments that had been occupied by the royal family. Old insults of the Jacobin era mingled with words of piety and sorrow. Below a sketch of "*L'Autrichienne à la danse*," was written at a later date,

"*Regina martyrum, ora pro nobis;*" and across a rough design of a guillotine with the words, "*Le tiran crachant dans le sac,*" was written, "*Celui que vous injuriez ici a demandé grâce pour vous sur son échafaud.*"

During the Directory the Tower of the Temple was used both as a barrack and a house of detention. It was to have been sold when Buonaparte came to supreme power as First Consul, but he stopped the sale, and ordered it to remain a police barrack. As Emperor he learned to dislike the gloomy monument of Bourbon sufferings and Jacobin excesses. In June, 1808, the building was dismantled, and in the following October the materials of the old citadel of the Templars were sold for 33,100 francs to a speculator. He had hoped to enrich himself by the exhibition of the Tower and its apartments, but the Government quickly stopped his appeal to Parisian curiosity. No persons except the labourers actually employed were allowed inside the buildings. The palace that had been attached to the ancient sanctuary was in 1811 restored and furnished as the official residence of the Minister of Public Worship. After the return of the Bourbons it was occupied by a religious congregation founded by Louis XVIII., at the head of which was the former Abbess of Remiremont, Louise Adelaide de Condé. A weeping willow and some shrubs and flowers were planted where the Tower had been, and a wooden railing until 1848 enclosed the spot. In 1853, the palace itself was taken down, and with it the last fragment of the mass of buildings, called the Temple, disappeared. Yet the events that have for ever made the place notorious do not sink out of our sight as do other spectres of history. The sufferings endured then belong to our present time. The Revolution exists now as it did then. The same errors lead men astray now as then, and the same results are constantly possible. It is true that the revolutionary doctrines now seem less startling, but it is because they are more widely spread. The sophisms that wrought the outburst of passion in 1789 are now commonly received as truths. The carnage of the Terror with its open violation of law was indeed less dangerous than the insidious displacement of justice by "public opinion," which excuses the revolutionists of to-day. But the "principles" of '89 are the principles still invoked; the age that was begun by Voltaire and his followers, the Hébertists, by Rousseau and his disciple Robespierre, is ours. Ours is the society that outraged Marie Antoinette and Elisabeth, ours the pre-eminent crime of the child-King's demoralisation and ruin; and if we claim credit for

the material improvement of our epoch, we must also bear the shame of its unequalled and mean cruelty—cruelty that always marks false Liberalism, whether it be shown to a royal family dethroned, or to a pauper in a workhouse.

But while we have in the history of the Temple a lesson of what political crime can be, while its annals register the worst form of revolutionary injustice yet seen in our society, they contain also the record of a faith and courage, a patience and power of forgiveness, that has never been surpassed in our time. If we justly dread the red spectre of the Terror, we should gather consolation from the white-robed forms which beckon us across its glare to the palace of divine order and law that was, and is, and shall be ever the same and immutable—a haven for those who are not beguiled by the fallacies of revolutionary progress. Among the heroic figures that lead us through the storms and fogs of this present world back to a more Christian time may be reckoned even the weakly and blasted child of the Temple. Victim of cruelty, incomprehensible to him, a prey to torture, which no other child was ever called to endure, nearly his last words were those, solemnly attested by Gomin, of good will to the municipal who had ill treated him; of patience, faith, and hope, when he prayed his guardian to be consoled in the sight of his sufferings, "*for,*" said the boy, "*I shall not always suffer.*"

Yes, there is mystery in his history—the mystery of great crime, and the mystery of a child's resistance to crime. Speaking of her brother's death, Madame Royale writes, "The commissioners sorrowed bitterly for him, he had so endeared himself to them by his loveable qualities." Can we wonder that to those who do not believe in divine grace the endurance of the tortured Prince in faith, hope, and charity, should be an insoluble mystery? How could the patient and still noble child that Lasne and Gomin loved be the same as Simon's apprentice and Hébert's victim? Had not the prayers of his parents somewhat to do with the mystery of the Temple? Was not a guardian Angel at hand, when the boy stayed the murderous hand of Simon by the words, "*I will forgive you?*"

### Mr. de Vere's "Irish Odes."

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It is with great pleasure that we gather from the Preface to a volume printed in America, and containing a copious selection from the poems of Mr. Aubrey de Vere,\* that this graceful and beautiful writer has a large number of admirers on the other side of the Atlantic. We believe it to be true that the verdict of American opinion is frequently found to be somewhat different from that which passes current in England. Some writers are greatly esteemed and widely read there, who in this country have found "fit audience, but few;" and, on the other hand, some who are the greatest favourites here, occupy a second rank in the esteem of our kindred of the Western world. Although no good critic in England or Ireland would venture to question the right of Mr. Aubrey de Vere to rank among our first-class poets, and although his works are very highly appreciated by those who are acquainted with them, we are inclined to think that he is not so generally read as he deserves. Something, perhaps, may be due to the fact that he has written a great number of minor pieces, rather than a few long poems; something also, perhaps, to readiness to give to the public almost everything that he writes, rather than carefully selected pieces which have stood Horace's test of long reservation. Nevertheless, Mr. de Vere is a true poet, and he very seldom publishes anything which has not true beauty. He possesses a copiousness of thought and imagery which never fails, and makes even his prose richly poetical. Indeed, bright and happy illustrations are so abundant with him, that he hardly gives himself the time to make the most of them: jewels drop from his lips, as from those of the princess in the fable, which might well be worth more elaborate setting. Perhaps the luxuriance of his fancy makes him occasionally regardless of polish; and his rhymes, and here and there, we think, his metres also, have to submit to some little violence of treatment. His natural genius has been fostered by favouring circumstances. He has a very wide acquaintance with literature of all ages, and has made a critical study of the poets of his own language and even of his own time. Foreign travel has placed deeper and more varied colouring at his command, and has widened and elevated

\* *Irish Odes and other Poems.* By Aubrey de Vere. New York, 1869.

his sympathies. He has passed through the weary training of a soul that has had to grope its way into the light of Faith. Then, he is born of a race of poets, and has drank in from his childhood the air of a land whose history is a long and sweet, though sad, elegy, and whose character is thoroughly symbolised by the harp which is the national emblem of her children. The times, moreover, are times of awakening and of hope; the fetters of centuries are being struck off, the signs of springtide are in the air—a late spring indeed it is, but still a spring.

The poetry of a nation at such a moment as that which is passing over Ireland may have a wonderful power in determining the course of thought and feeling, and the direction of all nobler impulses. *Is it too late for Ireland?* On the answer to that question hang the destinies of two or three great nations, and through them of the greater part of the civilised world. Mr. de Vere, we think, is hopeful; and being hopeful, without being oversanguine, he can at least sing to his countrymen without bitterness or vindictiveness. Let us quote some paragraphs from his Preface about the Irish character:

Whoever loves that people must follow it in its wanderings with an earnest desire that, upon whatever shore the storms may have cast it, and by whatever institutions it may be cherished or proved, it may retain with vigilant fidelity, and be valued for retaining, those among its characteristics which most belong to the Ireland of History and Religion. The Irish character is one easily mistaken by the "rough and ready" philosophy of the caricaturist. "A little part, and that the worst, he sees." To the rest he has not the key. Broad farce, and broad romance, have familiarised men with its coarser traits. Its finer reveal themselves to poetry. She deals with what lies beneath the surface. She makes her study, not of the tavern, but of the hill-side chapel, and of the cottage-hearth without stain and faithful to the departed. She ponders the tear-blotted letter, and the lip-worn rosary. In a face seldom joyless, but not seldom overcast, she finds something which makes her tread the wanderer's native land, and share with him the recollections of the Past. Those recollections, dear to all deep-hearted Races, but dearest to the saddest, have to the Irish been a reality in times when the present seemed a dream. But hitherto they have also been vindictive. Now that a Sectarian Ascendency is on the point of ceasing, they will lose their bitterness wherever the old and true Irish character remains. That character is generous where love is not curdled into hate by wrong. To attain Civil Freedom and Religious Equality was long the task which nature and duty imposed upon Ireland. To develop, and rightly to direct the energies, moral, intellectual, and industrial, of a People set free, must ere long become the task of a thoughtful patriotism.

The volume now before us may be divided into three parts. The first part contains that series of poems which gives the general title of *Irish Odes* to the collection. These have been

written at various times, and are now collected. Then follows a careful selection from Mr. de Vere's published poetry, among the most conspicuous pieces of which we notice the *Lines written under Delphi*, *The Sisters*, and *A Tale of the Modern Time*. The volume closes with a number of short pieces, which seem to have been written since Mr. de Vere's last publication of a volume ; among which we remark a number of very striking sonnets.

From the first part of the collection we must give our readers, without abridgement, the following beautiful Ode on *The Building of a Cottage*—

## I.

Lay foundations deep and strong  
 On the rock, and not the sand :  
 Morn her sacred beam has flung  
 O'er our ancient land.  
 And the children through the heather  
 Beaming joy from frank bright eyes,  
 Dance along, and sing together  
 Their loud ecstasies.  
 Children, hallowed song to-day !  
 Sing, aloud ; but, singing, pray !  
 Orphic measures, proudly swelling,  
 Lifted cities in old time :  
 Build we now a humbler dwelling  
 With a lowlier rhyme !  
 Unless God the work sustain,  
 Our toils are vain, and worse than vain :  
 Better to roam for aye, than rest  
 Under the impious shadow of a roof unblest !

## II.

Mix the mortar o'er and o'er,  
 Holy music singing :  
 Holy water o'er it pour,  
 Flowers and tresses flinging :  
 Bless we now the earthen floor :  
 May good Angels love it !  
 Bless we now the new-raised door :  
 And that cell above it !  
 Holy cell, and holy shrine  
 For the Maid and Child divine !  
 Remember thou that see'st her bending  
 O'er that babe upon her knee,  
 All Heaven is ever thus extending  
 Its arms of love round thee !  
 Such thought thy step make light and gay  
 As yon elastic linden spray  
 On the smooth air nimbly dancing—  
 Thy spirits like the dew glittering thereon and glancing !



III.

Castles stern in pride o'er-gazing  
Subject leagues of wolds and woods ;  
Palace fronts their fretwork raising  
Mid luxurious solitudes ;  
These, through clouds their heads uplifting,  
The lightning challenge and invoke :  
His balance Power is ever shifting—  
The reed outlasts the oak.  
Live, thou cottage ! live and flourish,  
Like a bank that spring showers nourish,  
Bright with field-flowers self-renewing,  
Annual violets, dateless clover—  
Eyes of flesh thy beauty viewing  
With a glance may pass it over ;  
But to eyes that wiser are  
Thou glitterest like the morning star ;  
And o'er wise hearts thy beauty breathes  
Such sweets as morn shall waft from those new-planted  
wreaths !

IV.

Our toils—not toils—are all but ended ;  
The day has wandered by :  
Her gleams the rising moon has blended  
With the azure of the sky :  
Yet still the sunset lights are ranging  
On from mossy stem to stem ;  
Low winds, their odours vague exchanging,  
Chaunt day's requiem.  
Upon the diamonded panes  
The crimson falls with fainter stains.  
More high in heavenward aspiration  
The gables shoot their mystic lines :  
While now, supreme in grace as station,  
The tower-like chimney shines.  
An altar stands that tower beneath :  
Pure be its flame in life and death !  
Now westward point the archéd porch—  
Crown with a Cross the whole—our cot becomes a Church !

V.

Kings of the Earth ! too frail, too small  
This straw-roofed tenement for you ?  
Then lo ! from Heaven my song shall call  
A statelier retinue !  
They come, the twilight ether cheering,  
(Not vain the suppliant song, not vain,)   
Our earth on golden platform nearing :  
On us their crowns they rain !  
Like Gods they stand, the portal  
Lighting with looks immortal !

Faith, on her chalice gazing deep ;  
 And Justice with uplifted scale ;  
 Meek Reverence ; pure, undreaming Sleep ;  
 Valour in diamond mail !  
 There, Hope with vernal wreath ; hard by  
 Indulgent Love ; keen Purity ;  
 And Truth, with radiant forehead bare ;  
 And Mirth, whose ringing laughter triumphs o'er Despair.

## VI.

Breathe low : stand mute in reverent trance !  
 Those Potentates their mighty eyes  
 Have fixed ! Right well that piercing glance  
 Roof, wall, and basement tries !  
 Foundations few that gaze can meet :  
 Therefore the Virtues stay with few :  
 But where they once have fixed their seat,  
 Her home Heaven fixes too !  
 They enter now with awful grace  
 Their dedicated dwelling-place :  
 In tones majestic yet tender  
 They chaunt their consecration hymn,  
 From jewelled breasts a sacred splendour  
 Heaving through shadows dim :  
 The Rite is done : the seed is sown :  
 Leave, each his offering, and be gone !  
 Stay, ye for whom were raised these walls—  
 Possession God hath ta'en ; and now His guests He calls.

Towards the close of the volume we find a very fine *Autumnal Ode*, which, we think, has never before been published. From this we shall extract the conclusion—

Sad thoughts, why roam ye thus in your unrest  
 The bourne unseen ? Why scorn our mortal bound ?  
 Is it not kindly, Earth's maternal breast ?  
 Is it not fair, her head with vine-wreaths crowned ?  
 Farm-yard and barn are heaped with golden store ;  
 High piled the sheaves illumine the russet plain ;  
 Hedges and hedge-row trees are yellowed o'er,  
 With waifs and trophies of the labouring wain :  
 Why murmur, "Change is change, when downward ranging ;  
 Spring's upward change but pointed to the unchanging ?"  
 Yet, O how just your sorrow, if ye knew  
 The true grief's sanction true !  
 'Tis not the thought of parting youth that moves us ;  
 'Tis not alone the pang for friends departed :  
 The Autumnal pain that raises while it proves us  
 Wells from a holier source and deeper-hearted !  
 For this a sadness swells above our mirth ;  
 For this a bitter runs beneath the sweetness ;

The throne that shakes not is the Spirit's right ;  
The heart and hope of Man are infinite ;  
Heaven is his home, and, exiled here on earth,  
Completion most betrays the incompleteness !

Heaven is his home.—But hark ! the breeze increases :  
The sunset forests, catching sudden fire,  
Flash, swell, and sing, a million-organed choir :  
Roofing the West, rich clouds in glittering fleeces  
O'er-arch ethereal spaces and divine  
Of heaven's clear hyaline.

No dream is this ! Beyond that radiance golden  
God's Sons I see, His armies bright and atrong,  
The ensanguined Martyrs here with palms high holden,  
The Virgins there, a lily-lifting throng !  
The Splendours nearer draw. In choral blending  
The Prophets' and the Apostles' chaunt I hear ;  
I see the City of the Just descending  
With gates of pearl and diamond bastions sheer.  
The walls are agate and chalcedony :  
On jacinth street and jasper parapet  
The unwaning light is light of Deity,  
Not beam of lessening moon or suns that set.

That undeciduous forestry of spires  
Lets fall no leaf ! those lights can never range :  
Saintly fruitions and divine desires

Are blended there in rapture without change.  
—Man was not made for things that leave us,  
For that which goeth and returneth,  
For hopes that lift us yet deceive us,  
For love that wears a smile yet mourneth ;  
Not for fresh forests from the dead leaves springing,  
The cyclic re-creation which, at best,  
Yields us—betrayal still to promise clinging—  
Tremulous shadows of the realm of rest :  
For things immortal Man was made,  
God's Image, latest from His hand,  
Co-heir with Him, Who in Man's flesh arrayed  
Holds o'er the worlds the Heavenly-Human wand :  
His portion this—sublime  
To stand where access none hath Space or Time,  
Above the starry host, the Cherub band,  
To stand—to advance—and after all to stand !

We may remark, in conclusion, that Mr. de Veré's volume reveals to us what we may call his poetic genealogy. Coleridge and Shelley are his more immediate teachers in the sacred art of song. The poem already mentioned by us, *A Tale of the Modern Time*, seems to have a good deal of the manner of the latter: and there is a very grand piece, *written near Shelley's House at Lerici*, which gives the Christian poet's account of the

wanderings of that unfortunate genius. With regard to the elder of Mr. de Vere's two guides, our readers have already made the acquaintance of some stanzas now republished under the title, *On the Visiting a Haunt of Coleridge's*; but the following very fine sonnet, written in the early youth of the author, may be new to some of them.

As one who lies, when day is almost done,  
Rocked in a little boat upon a sea  
Whose glassy billows heave eternally  
Albeit the winds are lulled, watching the sun  
That sinks behind those billows, and anon  
Uprises, while the orange gleams that dye  
The minster windows of the western sky  
Are imaged in the waters smooth and wan;  
Coleridge! thus hang we on the mystic traces  
Of that one thought which feeds thy soul with light;  
Thus falls the "Idea of the Infinite"  
Upon our dazzled lids and luminous faces;  
Thus sinks, and reappears, and mocks our sight,  
Absorbed once more in the great deep's embraces.

## Louis the Fourteenth and the Holy See.

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THE lately published work of M. de Haussonville, on the relations between the Holy See and the first French Empire, has thrown a great and unexpected light on the character of Napoleon, and shows to what a mixture of savagery and meanness Pius VII. had to submit in his intercourse with the so-called restorer of religion in France. Every one was prepared for a good deal of arrogance and a good deal of duplicity on the part of the Government of the day, but scarcely, perhaps, for all the revelations which have lately been made. It is unpleasant, but it is fair to say, that the manner in which he treated the Holy See and the kind-hearted Pontiff who had all along a sort of personal devotion to his persecutor, Napoleon did little more than carry out the traditions of the monarchy of which he had made himself the successor. If we go back but a little in the course of time from the First Empire, we find ourselves in presence of the Civil Constitution of the Clergy to which we had lately to refer as the work, mainly, of Jansenist malignity. But the Civil Constitution of the Clergy was but a carrying out of the principles of extreme Gallicanism which had been in favour in the age of the Grande Monarque, and which showed themselves most conspicuously in the Four Articles of 1682. Louis XIV. was a legitimate ancestor of the Organic Articles. What is perhaps even more interesting is this—that although Louis XIV. never occupied Rome, never made the Pope a prisoner, and so never lowered himself to that depth of degradation involved in the personal violence used by Napoleon to the Vicar of Jesus Christ, still it is quite possible to find in his bearing to successive Popes the identical principle of conduct which issued in the barbarities of the Emperor; the same arrogance, the same overbearing disregard of justice, the same insolent proclamation that force is right. Louis XIV.

was born in the purple, and reigned for about seventy years. His Court was supposed to be the most refined—it certainly was one of the most vicious—of Europe: stately etiquette, and elaborate courtesies regulated its routine, and it would have thought itself disgraced by rudeness or vulgarity. Napoleon was a successful soldier, who had to create a new Government, a new Court, a new diplomacy, out of what we must call comparatively shabby and unrespectable materials, and no one can marvel, under such circumstances, that the acts of injustice, violence, and rapacity of which he was guilty should be utterly wanting in that external regard to decorum and dignity with which neither he nor many of his agents had any acquaintance. Napoleon's insolence was that of a freebooter, while that of Louis XIV. was the insolence—we shall not say of a gentleman—but of a man of exterior polish and of some pretence to breeding. The difference between the spirit of the two did not extend further than this.

Louis XIV. had not long taken the management of State affairs into his own hands before he began to show the temper by which he was actuated towards Rome. The policy of the Court towards the Holy See had been comparatively friendly under Mazarin. Colbert became minister in 1661, soon after the Cardinal's death, and from that time, according to a remark of Bossuet, a studied series of humiliations to the Papal Court was commenced. The most famous, and one of the earliest of these, was the "affair of the Corsican guard." The state of Rome in those days was abominably insecure, and one of the great causes of insecurity, as well as one of the first sources of vice and crime of every kind, lay in the immunities claimed by the Ambassadors of the great Powers for their residences, the persons of their suite, and for what they chose to consider the "quarters" belonging to them. The limits of these "quarters" were extended at their good pleasure, and within them it was a common thing to find congregated all the vilest elements of the population, who were thus protected from the police of the Pontifical Government. The French were not the only offenders as to this protection to lawlessness. Some time before the

period of which we are writing, the Spanish Ambassador had come into collision with the *sbirri* in a disgraceful night adventure, and one of his suite having been killed, he had refused to attend the audiences of the Pope, and sent for a considerable body of men from Naples as a garrison for his palace. Spain demanded satisfaction, the *sbirri* were sacrificed, and a number of concessions extorted. In August, 1662, some of the hangers-on of the French embassy attacked some Corsican soldiers of the Pope (Alexander VII.), who called for assistance from their comrades in a neighbouring barrack, and a fight ensued, in which shots were exchanged. The Ambassador's wife, the Duchesse de Créqui, happened to be coming home in her carriage at the moment, and in the tumult that was raging, a page and two of her servants were killed. Créqui, who had a grudge of his own against the Pope, took the opportunity to embroil him deeply with Louis. He would receive no messenger from the Holy Father, and left the Pontifical States, affecting not to feel secure of his life. It was in vain that Alexander sent an envoy to explain the affair to the King. The Nuncio was dismissed from his presence, orders were given to invade Avignon, and an army was sent into Italy, though winter was coming on. Let us consider the following *preliminaries* insisted on by Louis before he would consent even to treat:—1. The Cardinal Imperiali, Governor of Rome, was to be deprived of his hat. 2. The brother of the Pope was to be placed in the hands of Louis, to do with him as he pleased. 3. The captain, lieutenant, ensign, and fifty soldiers of the Corsican guard, were to be hung in the Piazza Farnese, the rest of the corps disbanded and banished. 4. The *barghello* (captain of the archers), with fifty of the *sbirri*, were to be hung in the Piazza Navona. 5. The Pope was to undertake to send as Legate to France any one whom the King might name, to make excuses for what had happened. These were conditions exacted as preliminary proofs of the Pope's readiness to satisfy the King. Alexander refused them, and began to try to collect an army to resist by force. It is instructive to find the "most Christian King" writing to the Catholic



cantons of Switzerland to prevent them from furnishing men, and assuring them that "the eldest son of the Church could never form the design of employing his arms to attack her or the Holy See." The language used was quite worthy of Cavour.\* Unfortunately we find, as is so often the case, that other Princes were ready to take advantage of the occasion to make demands on the Holy See. As a matter of fact, when peace was made at Pisa in 1664 by the intercession of Spain and Venice, the Dukes of Parma and Modena, who had joined Louis, obtained the concession of their claims on Castro and Comachio, while every kind of humiliation was heaped on the weaker party. The Pope sent his nephew, Cardinal Chigi, to France, to apologise for him; Cardinal Imperiali had to go to apologise for himself; Don Mario Chigi, the Pope's brother, had to declare his own innocence in writing; special excuses were to be made to the Duchesse de Créquy, the whole Corsican nation was solemnly declared incapable of service at Rome and in the States of the Church, a pyramid bearing an insulting inscription to that effect being erected in front of the *corps de garde*. It would appear that the Corsicans and *sbirri* were somewhat to blame, having exceeded the orders given them, and the Pope, long before the treaty, had ordered the two most culpable to be executed. Three years later, Louis XIV. consented to the demolition of the pyramid, which chronicled his own shame far more than that of the Pope. What if some one had foretold to him that a Corsican dynasty would one day occupy the throne of his descendants, and that a Nuncio of the Chigi family should be accredited by the Holy See to the representative of that dynasty?

In December, 1797, when the Treaty of Tolentino had been signed for a few months, and when Joseph Buona-

\* Nous protestons au contraire d'être prêt et résolu jusqu' au dernier soupir de notre vie, de défendre, exalter, et protéger ce Siège de toutes les forces que Dieu nous a mises en main, à l'exemple de nos glorieux ancêtres, et de hasarder tous nos Etats, même répandre tout notre sang s'il en est besoin, pour une si juste cause. . . . Vous assurant que nos armes, quoiqu' il arrive, ne paraîtront dans l'Etat Ecclesiastique que pacifiquement, et pour défendre et protéger le Saint Siège et les Etats et peuples qui lui sont temporellement et immédiatement sujets.—Gérin, *Assemblée de 1682*, p. 11.

parte was Ambassador of the French Directory at Rome, an attack by a mob, led by Frenchmen, on some Pontifical soldiers near the Ponte Sisto, which was resisted by the soldiers, who happened to shoot General Duphot at the moment that he was exciting the Romans to insurrection against the Government with which France was at peace—led to the advance of Berthier upon Rome, the proclamation of the Republic, and the captivity of Pius VI. But it may fairly be questioned whether the Directory displayed more overbearing insolence on the occasion in question than Louis XIV. displayed in the affair of the Corsicans.

The far more important quarrel between Louis and the Holy See concerning the Regale had, fortunately, a different issue, and we find the King himself showing a more Catholic instinct in the part which he played in closing it. Great light has recently been shed upon the history of this contest by the publication of M. Gérin's work, to which we have already referred, *Recherches Historiques sur l'Assemblée du Clergé de France de 1682*. M. Gérin does not profess to write a complete and flowing history, but he furnishes in abundance the materials for an exact judgment on the points which have been raised concerning the famous Assembly; and at this moment, when so many in England are inclined to fall back upon the position with reference to the Holy See which they suppose to have been occupied by the great Gallican Church, it is very important that attention should be directed to the revelations of this valuable volume. The Gallican Articles of 1682, as they are called, will certainly lose all their apparent prestige and authority when the history of the Assembly, and the manner in which it was packed with the nominees of the Government, come to be more generally known. It had no canonical existence or character whatsoever; it was not a Council, nor even the pretence of a Council; it was not in any sense, however vague and informal, a representation of the Church of France. Its convocation, both in itself and in the manner in which its members were selected, was one of the most arbitrary and insolent measures of a reign only too full of acts of despotic and reckless tyranny. Its history reflects

badly, indeed, upon the ecclesiastical policy of Louis and his ministers—badly also, we grieve to say, upon the Prelates and Clerics who composed it, and upon the great name of Bossuet, which can never be quite cleared from the stain which has been the result of his connection with it—but it brings out in striking colours the firmness of the Holy See, and it does not involve the Church of France, as such, in whatever shame and guilt attaches to those concerned in it.

This Assembly was simply a device of the ministers of Louis to obtain the support of the Gallican Church in his usurpation, not of the rights of the Pope but of the rights of that Gallican Church itself, the defence of which, with little or no aid from the willing victims of royal aggression, was undertaken by the Pope, as the guardian of the whole flock of Jesus Christ, even against its own weak condescensions. The Regale was a right possessed by the Kings of France with regard to certain bishoprics and benefices only which had been founded by the ancestors of the sovereign. When the benefices were vacant the revenues fell to the Crown. The aggression attempted by Louis was simply this—that he chose of his own authority to extend the right of the Regale to all bishoprics and benefices whatsoever within the realm of France. It was as gross a piece of rapacity as ever Stuart King perpetrated in England in imposing burthens on the people without the consent of Parliament—a simple act of tyrannical spoliation, backed up by the theories and arguments of a whole tribe of legists, implacable enemies of the Church, and ever ready to find a plausible pretext for the encroachment of power on liberties of every kind. It was in 1676 that Louis decreed that the Regale was to extend to all the churches in France, and ordered that all Archbishops and Bishops who had not yet taken the oath administered to those whose benefices were undoubtedly subject to this right of the Crown should do so within six months. We find only two names out of the whole episcopate of the four or five provinces which were rightfully exempt from the Regale who resisted the decree. These two were Caulet, Bishop of Pamiers,

and Pavillon, Bishop of Alet. As this last died in 1677, the main burthen of the resistance fell upon Caulet. Each of these had been in their dioceses for more than thirty years, yet the King, by virtue of what he termed the yet unclosed power of the Regale, gave away all the benefices that fell vacant after the appearance of the decree, and even filled up with new occupants those which had been conferred during their possession of their sees, though the occupants nominated by them were still living. Caulet, a man of great piety, who had once been infected with Jansenism, fought his battle with great vigour, and, after fruitless attempts to move the King to listen to reason, he appealed to the Pope in 1678. Innocent XI. wrote two letters to Louis without receiving any answer. At last, at the end of 1679, he sent a third, in which he reminded the King of the words of our Lord, *Qui vos audit, me audit*, and threatened him with excommunication. Louis was not prepared to brave this, though at the same time he was resolved not to abandon his usurpation, all the more as he found the immense majority of the Prelates and Clergy perfectly subservient to his will. He determined, it is said, to temporise, and to drag on negotiations, in hopes that the Pope might be tired out or die.

But in 1680, Louis received an assurance of support beyond, we may suppose, anything that he had calculated upon. It was the year for the quinquennial assembly of the Clergy—an assembly in some respects, it would seem, answering to the Anglican Convocation, only that its object was simply the voting of certain subsidies to the Crown. The Bishops were induced to sign an address to the King, in which they espoused his cause in the quarrel with the Pope with eager servility!\* Other causes of dispute arose

\* "Nous regardons avec douleur cette procedure extraordinaire qui bien loin de soutenir l'honneur de la religion et la gloire du Saint Siège serait capable de les diminuer et de produire de tres-mauvais effets. Nous sommes si étroitement attachés a Votre Majesté, que rien n'est capable de nous en separer. Cette protestation pouvant servir a éluder les vaines entreprises du Saint Siège, nous la renouvelons à Votre Majesté avec toute la sincérité et toute l'affection qui nous est possible, car il est bon que toute la terre soit informée que nous savons comme il faut accorder l'amour que nous portons a la discipline de l'Eglise avec la glorieuse qualité que nous voulons conserver a jamais, Sire, de vos très humbles et tres obeissants, très-fideles et très obligés sujets."

about the same time, the most notable being a persecution which followed on the death of Caulet (Aug. 7, 1680), on account of the election of rival "Vicars-Capitular" by the Canons who had been faithful to the Bishop on the one hand and the "regalist" intruders on the other. The Vicar-General elected by the Bishop's party was condemned to death by the Parliament of Toulouse, but he escaped, and the sentence was executed only "in effigy."

It was now determined to try the plan of a sort of Assembly of the Clergy, which, without the formalities and the freedom of a National Council, might give to the royal usurpation that support which it is evident from contemporary letters that it wanted in the popular estimation. This determination led to what is called the *Petite Assemblée* of 1681, in which about fifty Archbishops and Bishops met, under the auspices of the Archbishop of Paris, to deliberate on the state of affairs, and the issue of the consultation was to ask the King to summon a National Council or an Assembly of the Clergy, to which each province was to send two deputies of the first order (Bishops) and two of the second order—the latter, however, to have only a consultative voice in the Assembly.

In order to understand the full importance and nature of the question at issue, we must remember the practice which then prevailed in France as to the rich revenues of the Church of every kind. The Concordat between Leo X. and Francis I. had placed all the bishoprics and abbeys in the kingdom at the disposal of the sovereign, and in the case of Louis XIV. this power had been extended by various grants of the Popes to all bishoprics and abbeys in the countries annexed to France by the Peace of Westphalia and subsequent treaties. The property of the Church was, in reality, used by the King as a part of his private revenue. His despotic power over the great families of France was secured by the exercise of this patronage. The practice of giving abbeys *in commendam* prevailed to such an extent that they were looked on as simple pensions, which were earned by services of whatever kind, creditable or shameful, handed on sometimes from generation to generation in the same family,

given to younger sons simply to keep up their income, bestowed on boys and girls, and made the common subject of intrigue and petitions to the ministers of the King. The children of scandalous connections, known to the whole world as such, were made Abbots or Abbesses, or held bishoprics and priories *in commendam*. The Duc de Verneuil, a son of Henry IV., held a bishopric and eight abbeys in 1666—when he chose to leave “the ecclesiastical state,” Louis XIV. gave him a pension of 100,000 livres upon these revenues. This system of granting pensions to be drawn from the incomes of bishoprics or abbeys was another tool of Court corruption and patronage. Favourites were in this way quartered upon the Church, and the Bishops were perpetually begging for abbeys for themselves to compensate for this drain on their revenues. We need not enlarge on the scandals and the mischiefs of the system of which we speak, scandals and mischiefs almost great enough to make men rejoice at their having been rendered impossible by the spoliations of the Great Revolution. But it is certain that the attempt made by Louis to extend the Regale to those provinces where it did not already exist had its origin in a desire to make absolutely complete that slavery of the Church as well as of the nation, which attained its climax under his fatal despotism. The Pope had no interest in the matter, except in so far as it concerned the real liberties of the Gallican Church—her liberties from secular domination; and when the Bishops joined Louis in his conflict with Innocent they were in reality helping him to fasten still tighter the chains by which they were bound.\* It is a curious instance of the indestructible vivacity of an utterly groundless fiction, that even in our own day, even in France, in the Chamber of Deputies, and in grave works on the reign of Louis XIV., it has been asserted that the question between Innocent and the King was a question

\* M. Gérin (p. 55) quotes a letter of M<sup>de</sup>. de Seigné, relating to the declaration of the Clergy of which we have already spoken. “Votre comparaison est divine, de cette femme qui veut être battue. Oui, disent ils, je veux que l’on me batte. De quoi vous mêlez-vous, Saint Père? nous voulons être battus. Et là dessus ils se mettent à le battre lui même, c’est à dire à le menacer adroitement et délicatement.”

which of the two should enjoy the revenues and the patronage which accrued during the vacancies in bishoprics. The Pope only contended that they should be reserved for the future Bishops.

The character and composition of the famous Assembly of 1681, when impartially examined, are quite sufficient to take from it all moral weight. It was most certainly not a National Council. For a National Council it would have been necessary to summon all the Bishops of the several provinces of which the kingdom was made up,—and, servile as were the greater number of the French Prelates, a summons of this kind would have brought to the Assembly a considerable number of distinguished men who would certainly never consent to any schismatical steps. The decrees, moreover, of a National Council would have to be submitted to the approval of Rome, and thus the whole aim of Louis and his ministers would have been defeated at once, even if they had found the Bishops more subservient than might be expected. Nor, again, was the Assembly one of the usual quinquennial meetings of the French Clergy, which were collected for the temporal purpose of voting subsidies to the Crown, whereas the object now was simply spiritual. The number of delegates actually forming part of the Assembly when it came to meet was thirty-six Archbishops or Bishops and thirty-eight deputies of the second order of the Clergy. How were these selected? Even for the ordinary Assemblies Louis had been in the habit of interposing so as to exclude deputies whom he did not like, and to impose the nomination of others more agreeable to him on the Provincial Assemblies; but in this case extraordinary precautions were taken, the names of the Bishops or ecclesiastics who were to be chosen were sent down with strong letters from Colbert, and a form of "procuration," dictating to the deputies exactly what they were to consent to, was drawn up by the ministers and imposed upon the delegating bodies. Thus, the province of Aix, at the head of which was an intrepid Archbishop, Cardinal Grimaldi, drew up other instructions, which were quashed by the King's intendant, and when the Archbishop refused to take part



in the proceedings, the election was carried out by the royal authority without him. The delegations from the provinces of Toulouse, Narbonne, Auch, and d'Alby, were null and void from violence or usurpation of the same kind. In short, this Assembly which pretended to represent the Clergy of France had no canonical or ecclesiastical being or character except that given to it by the will of the King, and its members were no more fairly drawn from the body for which it was supposed to act than some of the false Councils under the heretical Emperors from which all Catholic Bishops were excluded by force.

It is, indeed, sad to find that out of all the Bishops of France, a number amounting to something more than a third could be found to place themselves at the feet of the King for the purpose which he—or rather, perhaps, his ministers—had in view, and that nearly forty ecclesiastics of lower grade could be found to help them. Still more sad is it that the great name of Bossuet should have been mixed up with a plot of this kind. Though it is difficult to acquit Bossuet of culpable weakness in the matter, it seems certain that he was an unwilling agent, and that he exerted himself to prevent worse measures than those which were actually determined on. But Bossuet's connection with the Four Articles requires special study, and we have no space at present to linger upon it. It is certain, however, that of the great names among the French Clergy of the time, his is almost singular in being stained by participation in the Assembly. Fénelon was not there, nor Fléchier, nor Mabillon, nor De Rancé, nor Tronson, nor Huet, nor Bourdaloue, nor Thomassin, nor Mascaron—that is, all the glories of the French Church, the great preachers, or spiritual writers, or men of learning, were absent, they “had not consented to their counsel or their doings;” while, on the other hand, any one who goes through M. Gérin's careful enumeration of the Bishops and ecclesiastics who were actually engaged in the transaction, will find hardly one who was not bound by ties of interest or family connection to the Court or the Ministers, and in a great number of cases, we are sorry to say, there are charges of a deeper die than that of mere courtiership to

be brought against very exalted members of the Hierarchy. It was a time of decay and relaxation, a time at which religious reforms were checked and paralysed, and the impulse given to religion by the generation of St. Vincent of Paul, St. Francis Regis, Madame Acarie, M. Olier, the Péres Eudes and Condrens, had died away. The evil can be brought home to no cause with greater certainty than to the bad selection of Bishops.\*

We must pass far more cursorily over the Acts of the Assembly of 1681 than their importance deserves, as also over the sequel of the contest between Louis XIV. and the Holy See, of which they were the crisis. The Assembly, as might have been expected, settled the question of the Regale in favour of the Crown, that is, it determined that the right claimed by the King over the bishoprics and their patronage during the times of vacancy should belong to him in future in those provinces to which it had not before been extended. On the other hand, one or two formal points, as to which the Court officials had stretched the exercise of their power, were conceded by the King. The Assembly, having abandoned the cause of the Gallican Church which the Pope was defending for them, proceeded to draw up the famous Declaration, which was meant as a threat to the Pope if he still persisted in defending the liberties of the Church against the encroachments of the sovereign. We need not quote the well-known Four Articles. The first limited the supremacy of the Pope to matters purely spiritual, and thus withdrew the civil power and its possessors from all control and judgment on the part of the Church. The second, relying on the Council of Constance, declared the superiority of a Council over the

\* M. Carne, quoted by M. Gérin (p. 159), says:—"Les évêques nommés par Richelieu avaient été presque tous choisis sous d'excellentes influences, et, à quelques exceptions près, d'une piété fervente; mais Mazarin n'avait pas porté dans l'épiscopat les mêmes scrupules que son prédécesseur. Il avait fait des évêchés presque autant que des bénéfices ecclésiastiques l'appoint de ses marchés avec la noblesse frondeuse. Colbert et le Tellier avaient peuplé l'Eglise de France de leurs parents et de leurs créatures, et ces deux ministres considérèrent toujours le clergé comme un rouage du système administratif dont ils étaient les habiles et souples instruments."—*La Monarchie Française au 18ème siècle.*

Pope. The gist of the third was the requirement of the consent of the Church to the validity of Pontifical decisions. The fourth merely spoke of the communication of the Declaration to the Bishops of France.

Hardly any portion of this history has escaped falsification, and it is well to observe the order of time of the events connected with this Declaration. The Assembly met on November 9, 1681, when Bossuet preached his famous sermon on the unity of the Church. The decision relating to the Regale was arrived at in January, 1682. On the 19th of March, the Declaration was signed by the Bishops. The day after Louis signed an edict enjoining the teaching of the doctrines contained in it throughout his dominions. On the 11th of April, Innocent XI. addressed a severe brief to the Clergy, in which he annulled the arrangement to which they had consented concerning the Regale. These dates confute the assertion that the Declaration was adopted as an answer to the brief of April 11. The Assembly, after one or two more exhibitions of servility, was suddenly suspended by royal order on May 9, and the King dissolved it peremptorily on the 29th of June, although it had by no means exhausted the programme that had been drawn up for its labours. A good deal of ridicule and humiliation was thus the immediate reward of all this truckling to the secular power.

We pass over two very interesting chapters in M. Gérin's work, one on the whole question of the conduct of Bossuet, the other on the resistance made by the theological faculty of Paris to the registration of the Declaration. It is perfectly evident that the measures of the Court excited no popular sympathy, and were looked on with disfavour and suspicion by the best and most learned portion of the French Clergy. But our task is not complete without a short account of the dealings of Rome with the Declaration of the Assembly. At the beginning of the personal reign of Louis we have seen how Rome had to yield to force, and receive bitter humiliation at the hands of her "eldest son," in a matter almost affecting the independence of the Pontifical Government, but now that spiritual rights and doctrines are in question, we find her exhibiting a con-

sistent and stern firmness, which in the end broke down the pride and obstinacy even of the most Bourbon of the Bourbons. The conduct of the successive Popes who reigned before the matter was concluded illustrates most completely the Roman spirit and method of which we had occasion lately to speak. Innocent XI. did, as we have said, immediately condemn the decision of the Assembly about the Regale, but he said no word directly on the subject of the Declaration. In the enumeration given by M. Gérin of the members of the Assembly, we find that a number of them had had various pieces of preferment already promised to them. As soon as any one who had taken part in the meeting was presented by the King to a Bishopric, the Pope invariably and inflexibly refused the necessary Bulls. When Louis forbade others, who had had no part in the Declaration, to solicit their Bulls from Rome, Innocent met the attempt to throw upon him the responsibility of the long vacancies which might ensue by making known his perfect readiness to institute all but the guilty persons. Thus the affair went on for a few years. In 1687 the quarrel was further aggravated by a new disturbance on the subject of the liberties or *Franchises* claimed by the Ambassadors at Rome, of which we have already heard somewhat. Innocent XI. determined to put an end to this intolerable abuse. He declared that he would receive no Ambassador who did not renounce all claim to these immunities. Most of the European Powers gave way—Poland in 1680, Spain in 1683, England, then under James II., in 1686. The Emperor himself gave up the supposed right. Louis XIV. declared that he had never followed the example of others; that God had raised him up to give example, not to take it. He not only refused to do as others had done, but, when a vacancy occurred in 1687, he sent one of the most insolent men he could find in the kingdom, the Marquis de Lavardin, as envoy to Rome, with express orders to maintain the *Franchises*.

Lavardin's proceedings were marked by that cool overbearingness which in our own time has seldom been adopted towards the Pope except by the agents of the so-called Kingdom of Italy. He first sent into Rome,

in disguise—a trick perfectly familiar to the Piedmontese Government—four hundred soldiers who entered singly as simple travellers, and then marched in himself at the head of eight hundred more. The Palazzo Farnese, with the quarter around it, was transformed into a camp; guard was mounted and the rounds regularly made, as in the case of a beleaguered garrison. The Pope determined to let Louis turn the indignation of the Christian world against himself, and took no further notice of the insult than to refuse to see the Ambassador. When, however, Lavardin went solemnly to pay his devotions at S. Luigi dei Francesi on Christmas night, the church was immediately placed under an interdict, because an excommunicated person had been admitted to it. Meanwhile, Talon, the Avocat-General, talked at Paris of the right of the King to make himself acknowledged in Rome as *sovereign*, exactly as Napoleon afterwards told Pius VII., that if he was Pope of Rome, he himself was its Emperor. Innocent remained perfectly unshaken, and refused to see a secret envoy sent by Louis, who was now alarmed at the League of Augsburg against him, and wished to get Cardinal de Furstemberg nominated Elector of Cologne. Upon this, the anger of the King carried him to the extreme limit of hostility—almost into open schism. His lawyers began to talk about his being the “visible Head of the Gallican Church.” What must be called a state of war followed. Avignon was seized, the Vice-Legate sent away, and an expedition prepared to attack and occupy Civita Vecchia. Worse than all, because breathing the very spirit of schism, Louis gave orders to his Procureur-General to appeal to a future Council against all that the Pope had done or might do against him. The *procès verbal* of this appeal was read to the Bishops then assembled in Paris, who “humbly thanked His Majesty for the honour he had done them of communicating his acts to them.” The Nuncio was ordered to be watched, no secret was made of the surveillance, and if he attempted to depart he was to be arrested. A manifesto, in the form of a letter from the King to the Cardinal d’Estrees, was prepared and circulated throughout Europe.

And yet, after all, Louis XIV. had to give way before the firmness of the occupant of St. Peter's throne. His manifesto was quietly answered by a document which had no official signature, but was drawn up by order of the Pope, and which, wherever it was circulated, turned public opinion completely against the pretensions of the French Court. Just as Napoleon was forced to treat Pius VII. more respectfully by the misfortunes which first shook and then overthrew his own throne, so Louis XIV. found that his affairs went badly, and that all Europe was being leagued against him. Lavardin was first recalled. Innocent XI. died soon after, and the King took occasion, on the accession of Alexander VIII., to send a new envoy, the Duc de Chaulnes, with orders to renounce the *Franchises*, and at the same time Avignon and the Comté Venaissin were restored. But Alexander still insisted, like his predecessor, that those who had signed the Declaration should formally retract it, and that the King should revoke the edict by which he had imposed it on the Clergy. Alexander's reign was very short, but his last act was to have read and published to the Cardinals around him on his death-bed, a Constitution in which the whole proceedings of the Assembly were declared null and void, and were condemned. He also wrote a most touching letter to Louis himself. It was reserved to his successor, Innocent XII., who had been, as Cardinal, very favourably disposed to France, to receive the final submission of the King and the offending Bishops. Bulls were offered to those who had not been members of the Assembly, but those who were to occupy the churches to which the Regale had been unlawfully extended, were to refuse all approbation to the new measure until the Holy See should pronounce on the question. After some demur, the Bulls were accepted. Then there came long negotiations about the form of retraction to be signed by the Bishops of the Assembly, and this at last was settled and submitted to in 1695. In the same year Louis wrote to the Pope, declaring that he had now given orders that his edict of the 22nd of March, 1662, should not be observed. On all these points M. Gérin's work is invaluable, giving us, on many of the

most important parts of this long and intricate history, documents which have never before been published, and of which the existence was not known to former writers.

We have spoken severely of Louis XIV., and it is therefore fair to say that he often showed himself more sensible, more moderate, more Catholic in instinct, than the ministers by whom he was surrounded. Nothing can excuse him altogether in this, as in other parts of his conduct, and yet we find continual cause for remarking that when a single step further might have made him the Henry VIII. of France, he forbore to take that single step. What he might have been if he had been surrounded by intrepid Prelates, or even if, instead of having lived from his earliest youth in an atmosphere reeking with the poison of the most fulsome adulation, he had been open to the fair influence of public Christian opinion upon his life and his measures, it is not for us now to conjecture. His whole career, both in ecclesiastical and political matters, is a long commentary on the miseries of an unchecked despotism, and on the intoxicating, blinding, and stupefying effects of unrivalled greatness and of a series of dazzling successes. His reign inoculated the French people with that craving for military glory which is their greatest bane, it prepared the decadence of the eighteenth century, the triumph of false philosophy and infidelity, the crippling of the Church by the suppression of the Society of Jesus, the social corruption and demoralisation which issued in the volcanic outburst of the revolution of 1789. The sure justice of Providence fell partly on him, but more upon his posterity, and of them chiefly on the more innocent and so the more fit to suffer, and the axe which descended upon the first virtuous King whom France had known for so many generations in the person of Louis XVI. was sharpened by the vices and crimes of the Grande Monarque. Others of his house, indeed, failed in their duty not less than Louis XIV.; and never has history recorded a clearer example of the chastisement of such failure. There have been many saintly souls among those children of St. Louis, but, since the days of Louis XIV., there have been few great troubles in the



Church with which some member of the Bourbon family has not been connected, or in which appeal has not been made to their evil example. As the Jews witness all over the world to the consequences of their great national and religious crime, so in almost every country in Europe do exiled Princes of the house of Bourbon testify to the truth that unfaithfulness to great trusts, and oppressive conduct to the Church and to the Holy See, are not allowed to pass unpunished before the eyes of the whole world even to the third and the fourth generation.

Yes, low they lie, to well-earn'd fate a prey,  
So perish all who do such deeds as they!\*

\* Καὶ λίην κενός γε εἰκότι κέῃται ὀλέθρῳ,  
'Ὡς ἀπόλοιτο καὶ ἄλλος, ὅτις τοιαῦτά γε μέζοι.  
*Odys. i., 46, 47.*

### Our Library Table.

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1. IT is not a common occurrence, in these hurrying and novelty-seeking days, to meet with a patient, pains-taking traveller in strange lands, and among hitherto unseen marvels ; and when one such adds to his qualifications the other of taking time to classify his knowledge and to sift his facts, he may be fairly said to fulfil the chief requisites of a trustworthy referee. Mr. Wallace, in the Preface to his *Malay Archipelago* (Macmillan & Co.), which he has almost unduly compressed into two thickish volumes full of matter, informs us that six years have elapsed since his return from this little-known region of natural wonders, and during that time he has gone through much conscientious toil in classifying his enormous collection, and getting what knowledge he had acquired thoroughly in order. One almost necessary consequence is, that as we read, we feel convinced that every fact mentioned in these volumes is reliable ; and the only matter we regret is, that the writer has not given more space to the surpassing scenery among which eight years were spent, and more facts relating to the Malay and Dyak population of the Archipelago, in which his long residence, and evidently clear and dispassionate mind, would make his observations more than usually valuable. We are apt to forget that the great world of islands included in the term "Malay Archipelago" extends upwards of 4,000 miles from east to west, and is over 1,300 in breadth, covering a space as of all Europe, and far into Central Asia ; that it contains three islands larger than Great Britain, while in Borneo the whole of the British Islands could be set down with a considerable margin to spare. New Guinea is perhaps even larger still. Mr. Wallace divides the islands into two sections, determinable by their population and material productions, as, according to his hypothesis—which was one main object of his residence in the Archipelago—the natural productions of adjacent countries do not depend on their physical features, on soil, climate, or their proximity to one another, but on geological changes, such as the upheaval or depression of strata, and the disappearance of whole links in the contemporary chain. In tracing the products and natural history therefore, Mr. Wallace intended to map out the former outlines of continents and islands broken up or submerged, and his divisions are the Indo-Malayan and Austro-Malayan Islands. Besides the Dyaks, who are more like Hindoos, the population may be roughly classed as Malay-pure and Papuan ; and in these volumes the Malays come before us under an aspect

differing from the general estimate of their character. They have hitherto been represented as cruel, violent, exceedingly treacherous, and ferociously averse to the entrance of strangers; whereas, during eight years of wanderings, unattended except by a lad, or with natives, in voyages of upwards a thousand miles in a Malay "prau," touching wherever curiosity or science led him, Mr. Wallace found the natives hospitable, trustworthy when trusted, and willing to render him every service either in regard to his wants or in his indefatigable search after insects. These small, yellow, beardless men submit freely to rule, appearing even to thrive under foreign dominion; while the tall, handsome, darker-skinned Papuans pine and die out, like the Red Indians, at the approach and trammels of civilisation. Foreign settlers abound in all forms. At Singapore, there are of course the English garrison and merchants, mixed with Malay boatmen, fishermen, and police, Klings of Western India, Arab shopkeepers—a development of Arab to which we are not accustomed—Bengalee washermen, nearly black; Parsee merchants, always rich and respectable; Javanese servants and porters; traders of all the trading European countries, and a general mass of Chinese, universally clean, white-jacketted, with tails well oiled and ending in a tassel of red silk. Like ourselves, the general end and ambition of these Chinese is a fine horse and gig, money lent at high interest and upon good security, comfortable living, and the general sleekness of wealth. Inland, the Chinese population is exceedingly industrious, and in general, more to be depended upon than their town brethren. They cut down and export timber, sawing up and floating down huge rafts of planks, or growing vast quantities of pepper and gambir. The French Jesuits have established among these country Chinese several thriving missions, and make many converts to Christianity.

In its natural features the Archipelago is largely volcanic, which is one great source of its fertility, and it exhibits beautiful examples of the volcanic cone. In Java alone there are forty-five active or extinct volcanoes. This noble island, one of the richest, most fertile, and singularly beautiful, is also the best governed of the tropical islands. The gigantic vegetation, stretching from the mountain-summits into the very waves of the two oceans which wash the island, the vast timber trees, tangled with orchideæ, tree-ferns, caladiums, and rattan-palms, shelter an innumerable variety of insects, and the newly felled, or fallen and rotting timber swarms with beetles, centipedes, and weevils, of all conceivable forms. In two months seven hundred species of beetles were collected, many of them entirely new to entomologists, one hundred and thirty species of which were *Longicorns*, of which several curious illustrations are given. To the ordinary reader the descriptions of the butterflies and birds of the Archipelago are more interesting, and here the writer's enthusiastic account of the agitation and tremor he felt lest he should lose a beautiful *Cræsus*, excites more sympathy than his extraordinary indifference to insect and reptile annoyances. These details and

captures are told with such simple *bonhomie* as to be extremely amusing. To mention one instance, in Borneo the great moth-taking Mr. Wallace sat under a verandah, with nets, pins, boxes, a solitary lamp, and a book, as if ready for company, which came in the shape of a torrent of moths, streaming towards the light, in return for which attention they were hunted, caught, pinned, and consigned to the tomb. In regard to the overwhelming civilities of other live creatures, we must confess that excellent as the company might be in a scientific point of view, a little less of it would have been more to our taste. To say nothing of the dogs of the Aru Islands, who, while the traveller was in bed, examined his boxes and baskets, rummaged his papers, devoured his specimens, swallowed his boots and gamebag, drank the oil of his lamp, and eat up the wick; or of the army of lilliputian kangaroos, doing duty as rats and mice, who picked up such perquisites as the dogs had overlooked;—besides all this, enormous spiders lurked in his baskets and boxes, and rolled themselves up in his mosquito-curtain, centipedes and millipedes ran over his pillow, and played at hide-and-seek in his hair, and scorpions lay with upturned tails ready to sting, upon any movement of the furniture under which they took refuge. In New Guinea, which Mr. Wallace generously describes as “very rich in ants,” they took possession of his house, built a nest in his roof, and channelled his door-posts and beams. Investigating swarms attended him while setting out his specimens, tore them off the cards to which they were gummed, and wrangled over the fragments under his very nose. “Fatigue parties,” more personally interested, ran over his hands and face, coursed through his hair, and took up their abode, stinging at intervals, in his clothes. When he went to bed they accompanied him there also. After all this, Mr. Wallace calmly remarks that *this was not a very voracious kind!* It was in these same Aru Islands, the least known of all the Archipelago, that an old native indignantly denied that England could be the name of the traveller’s country. “Unglung!” said he. “Who ever heard of such a name? Ang-lang—Anger-lang—that can’t be the name of your country! My country is Wanumbai: anybody can say Wanumbai; but N—glung! Who ever heard of such a name?”

We should have liked to linger over the pleasantest touches in these volumes; under the groves of the noble screw-pine, the plummy, hundred-foot palms, and in sight of the valleys of tree-ferns in the Aru Islands, lifting their delicate fronds thirty feet in the air; or floating over the “Sea-gardens” of Amboyna, to watch that wonderful ocean bed, paved with jewels, among which corallines of the brightest hues wave like flags in the crystal water. But we must refer our readers to the book itself.

2. In our present number we put before our readers the last of the series of articles to which we have given the name of “A Life of Ten Years,” and which purport to be the history of the unfortunate Louis

Charles, the second son of Louis XVI. of France, who, on his brother's death, became Dauphin, and, on the execution of his father, Louis XVII. We have mentioned, as far as seemed to be necessary, the various persons who have from time to time appeared claiming to be the real Louis XVII., or for whom after their death a claim of the same kind has been made by others, and we have not disguised either the fact that some few specious objections may be brought against the received story of the imprisonment of Louis XVII. until his death, or the other fact, which we consider not less certain, that these objections are more specious than real, that no difficulty of any great moment has ever been found against the common belief, and that the tales of the claimants in question, without any exception, are far more improbable, and are open to far greater difficulties than the story as usually set forth. The writer of our articles was not ignorant of the claims advanced by another pretender to the character of the unhappy little Prince and King, in the person of the late "Augustus Meves;" but the elaborate work, written and published by two of his sons, William and Augustus Meves, did not appear till after the articles had been prepared for the press, and we have therefore thought it better to postpone all reference to it till the present moment. In truth, we have but little to say as to the new claim. It supposes, as all these stories suppose, a substitution of one child for another, and the time fixed on is the departure of Simon and his wife from the Temple. In the present story there is a variation, as a certain Augustus Meves is first substituted for the Dauphin, and then a deaf and dumb boy from Holland brought in to take the place of Augustus Meves. The claimant appears to have borne a resemblance to the royal family of France, and to have had on his body certain marks which are known to have been on the body of the true Louis XVII.; but we look in vain in the volume before us for any more certain argument in his favour, while, as we have said, the whole story is far too improbable and contrary to known facts to make it necessary to give it any great attention. We have no wish to engage in a controversy on the particulars as to which we think the story now put before the public fails to establish its probability, and we therefore content ourselves with remarking that, even if it could be shown to be certain that the child who died in the Temple was not Louis XVII., but a substitute, we should still prefer the claims advanced in favour of other candidates to be considered as the veritable son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette to those of Mr. Augustus Meves.

3. If an instance were wanted of the vitality of a thoroughly false view of history, especially when necessary for the interests of a large and active body of men, it is probable that nowhere in the whole range of popular delusion could so utterly groundless a belief be found so strong and vigorous in its hold on the minds of persons of education as that which subsists on that most preposterous fiction which

alleges the identity of the present moribund Irish Establishment with the Church of St. Patrick. The peculiarity of this fiction is that it is necessary for the personal comfort and for the repose of the consciences of a great many families among the dominant class in Ireland, and that in consequence, unlike the imaginations of Maria Monk or Baron Munchausen, it finds defenders even among learned and educated men. Some half-century hence, when the last traces of Protestant domination and of the Establishment itself have been swept away, people will rub their eyes and stare with astonishment when, on taking down some forgotten volume of controversy from the long-unvisited shelves of some public library, they find that even down to our own time men of character have still been found to argue seriously in favour of the monstrous proposition of which we speak : and we trust that some of these volumes will survive, not merely as curiosities of literature, such as books of astrology and the like, but as monuments of the power possessed by ignorance and prejudice to warp the human intellect, and enlist in their own service intelligence, industry, and ability, which might have won conspicuous laurels in the cause of evident truth. It is really true that the old fiction of which we speak was maintained gravely, in the course of the last election, by many men of high position and respectability, and it may, in their hands, have done no less occasional service to the advocates of the Establishment in Ireland than the incendiary vulgarities of Mr. Murphy.

Such being the case, it is well to have at hand a clear, popular, and brief account of what the early Irish Church really was, written by a man of learning, who is alive to the needs and watchful of the errors of the day. Father Waterworth's little volume, *The Church of St. Patrick* (Burns and Oates), will be found admirably to supply the need of which we speak. Its great merit is that it brings together within a small compass the whole of the argument from history which bears upon the point in question. It is written with much force and vigour, and is very pleasant reading. Father Waterworth's powers as a controversialist are too well known to need our commendation, but the present volume, if shorter than his former works, is quite equal to them in completeness and lucidity.

4. The extreme East seems to be at present the portion of the world in which the blood of Christian martyrs is most frequently shed. Every now and then we have tidings from China, Cochin China, Japan, or Corea, which tell the sad but gloomy tale of fierce and cruel persecution bursting out suddenly, and reaping its harvest of death. The infant Churches in these regions have already had a long period of suffering. We may hope that the day may not be far distant when their time of triumph and rapid development may come. Meanwhile, every scrap of information as to their state has a peculiar interest, and the more widely what is known is spread, the more sure is it that prayer will rise for them from the Catholic

world to shorten the time of their fiery trial. We are therefore very glad to see Canon Shortland's little book on *The Korean Martyrs* (Burns and Oates). It has been carefully compiled from the letters of the Missioners, published at various times in the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*. There is, unfortunately, not much to compile from. The Korean Missioners have to work so completely in secret (except in certain Christian villages in the country parts), and communication with Europe is so difficult, that the chief incidents of the history are to be found in the persecutions from which the Christians, and particularly the Europeans, are never safe, though before 1866 a considerable period of toleration had passed away. In that year, however, all the Missioners were either killed or expelled, and it seems probable that about two thousand Christians suffered. It is difficult to say which is the more beautiful—the self-devotion of the Missioners to the extreme hardships and fatigue of their ordinary lives as well as under their frequent dangers, or the simple faith and touching eagerness for the truth displayed by the Korean Christians.

5. It is not very easy for a new convert to put his argument as to the authority of the Church, to which he has just submitted, in any very new light, but this is, perhaps, no sufficient reason why, if he has an audience ready to listen to him, or if he has, before conversion, written some book or pamphlet on the other side of the question, he should not put the old and irrefragable reasoning into words of his own. A short and well-written book on the most important subject that can occupy the thoughts of Englishmen is sure to do its work with somebody: and as old fallacies and falsehoods which have been a thousand times exposed are repeated without shame by the enemies of the Catholic Church, her children cannot be blamed for reiterating the arguments in her defence. Mr. Pye in his *Why do we Believe?* (Philp.) has done this, and perhaps something more, in a way which will, we hope, command the attention of his old friends. This little work consists of two parts, the first of which deals with the theory of authority, while the second is given to those events in the English Establishment during the reigns of Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, on which the questions of "Self-Reformation" and jurisdiction mainly turn.

6. Dr. M'Sherry, who is Professor of Medicine in the University of Maryland, has collected in a neat volume several *Essays* (Kelly and Piet), written at intervals and published in the American periodicals. The most important of these is a very good, though short, account of the early history of Maryland; two essays on Mexico and the Mexican Campaign follow; the remainder are popular lectures on medical subjects.



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